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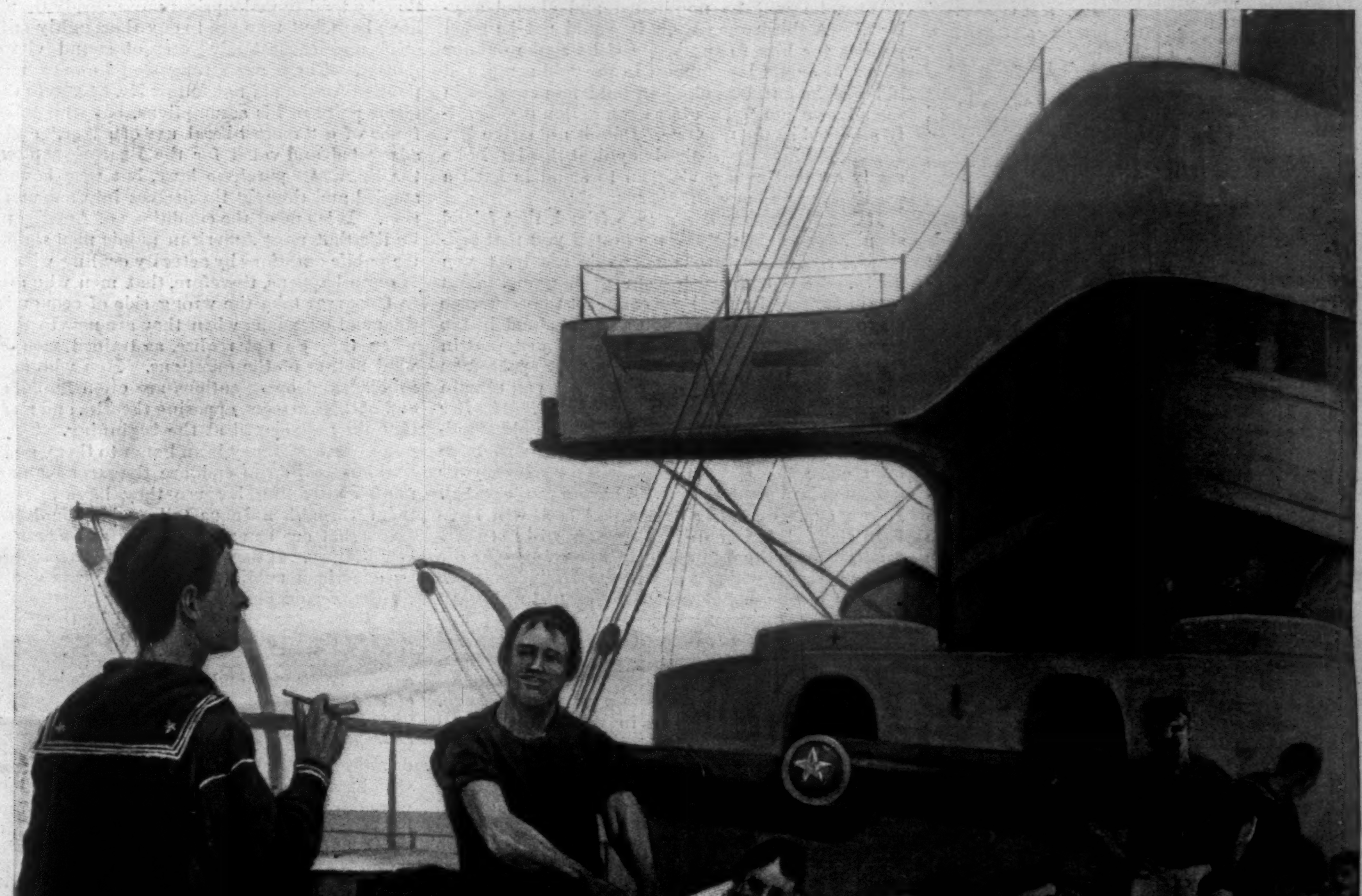

JACK'S WASH-DAY—"SCRUB WORKING-CLOTHES!"—DRAWN BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 30, 1896.

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THE McKINLEY SILENCE.

MR. McKINLEY has until now been regarded, even by those who do not agree with his politics, not indeed as a statesman of much ability, but as an honorable gentleman. This certainly is a reputation worth preserving; and he should not take it unkindly if we invite his attention, and the attention of his friends, to the question whether his present political attitude does not put that reputation in very serious jeopardy.

The American people are perhaps more tolerant than they ought to be as to the tricks of evasion and equivocation resorted to by parties in their platforms, or by candidates in their public utterances, to the end of sailing around troublesome questions and of keeping on good terms with people of different ways of thinking. But however little the "average American" may be given to moral censoriousness and punctilio in this respect, he is after all inclined to confine his tolerance to matters of minor importance. When a question of vital interest to the country is involved, a question imperatively demanding a prompt solution, and thus becoming the principal issue of the time, he thinks himself entitled to know clearly what he may expect from parties or candidates asking for his vote. There his toleration of evasive trickery stops, as certainly there it ought to stop.

That the money question touches the vital interests of the country, that it at present imperatively demands a clear decision, and that it is the most important of the political issues of the day, no sensible and candid person will deny. He must be a blind man who does not see that, whatever kind of tariff we may have, confidence will not return and prosperity will not revive so long as the business of the country is hampered and demoralized by a constant doubt as to what our dollar will be worth a month or a year hence. This country, with all the richness of its resources, would not have borne, without serious disaster, the uncertainty created by the foolish BLAND-ALLISON laws and SHERMAN laws as long as it did bear it had there not been, abroad as well as at home, a sort of fatalistic faith in its good luck—a belief that, in spite of all the legislative blundering, everything would come out right in the end. But that fatalistic belief, after being once broken by the excessive strain imposed upon it by our silver policy, cannot be restored without a complete removal of the disturbing cause. Since the calamitous crisis of 1893 our business community has been helplessly staggering along, every seemingly good chance disappearing as soon as it hove in sight, every seemingly reasonable hope blasted, enterprise drooping, and business failures multiplying—and all this owing to the cloud of uncertainty hanging over the prospective value of the dollar. While we are in this pitiable condition, other countries, with or without protective tariffs, but with a solidly fixed standard of value, have been enjoying conspicuous prosperity. Every intelligent and honest observer will therefore admit that the removal of the doubt and distrust hanging over our money system is the first prerequisite, the *conditio sine qua non*, of a restoration of confidence and prosperity, and that it thus becomes of necessity the foremost issue in the impending national election.

It is under such circumstances that Mr. McKINLEY, the most prominent candidate for the Presidency, stubbornly refuses to declare whether, if elected, he will use the Presidential power in favor of the gold standard, or of free silver coinage, or of a middle course. The votes he has cast in Congress and his public speeches exhibit him as a friend of that half-way silver legislation which has brought so much trouble upon the country. The last platform of his party in his own State, which he is said to have dictated, points in the same direction. His nearest political friends let the silver men understand that he is a "friend of silver" whom, as President, they will find "all right." Hence his large support in the free-coinage camp. His friends, on the other hand, commend him to the sound-money men as "all right on the gold question," whom every gold-standard man can support with confidence. Hence his large support in the gold-standard camp. When he is asked to speak out himself with clearness and decision, he gives no answer. And when his friends are asked why he refuses to answer so legitimate and pressing a question, one says, "It is the reticence of self-respect." Another says, "Why, he will be nominated and elected anyhow." A third one says, "It would not be good politics for him to speak, for if he spoke out for silver, he would lose support in the gold camp, and if he spoke out for gold, he would lose support in the silver camp." This last explanation is generally accepted as the true one. Does it not strike Mr. McKINLEY how disgustingly cynical this is? Is he really content as a gentleman to stand in such a position before the world?

If Mr. McKINLEY has a true friend, that friend should say to him: "Those who tell you that self-respect requires you to be silent do not treat you fairly. They trifle with your good name. You obtain support in the silver camp on the assurance of your spokesmen that you will not stand in the way of free silver coinage. You obtain support in the gold camp on the assurance of your spokesmen that you are for the gold standard. If you remain silent, somebody will surely be cheated. If, after your nomination, you come out for the gold standard, the silver men who supported you will have been cheated. If you come out for silver, your gold-standard supporters will have been cheated. If you come out for a 'straddle,' both will have been cheated, for a half-way measure will not practically be permitted to result in free coinage or the silver basis; it will not be sufficient to increase the price of silver; but it will be sufficient to obstruct the establishment of a sound-money system, and thus to prevent the restoration of confidence and prosperity. By knowingly permitting this cheating to be done in your name, you make the act your own. Thus the case is a very simple one. A man of truth and honor in your position will easily understand that true self-respect does not forbid him honestly to speak out, but does forbid him to obtain support for the highest honor in the republic under false pretences. And you need hardly be told that obtaining things of value under false pretences has, among decent people, a very ugly name."

This candid friend may, perhaps, also call Mr. McKINLEY'S attention to the fact that the prospect of the election to the Presidency of a man whose attitude is one of systematic deceit, and thus prolongs the uncertainty clouding the future of our money system, is even now actually injuring the credit of the country abroad, depressing our securities in all markets, and discouraging business enterprise at home.

MR. McKINLEY AND HIS VIEWS.

THERE ought to be no misunderstanding as to the real reason for opposing Mr. McKINLEY'S election to the Presidency on account of his financial opinions, or the lack of them. As has been said in this week's leader, Mr. McKINLEY'S silence is dishonest; but besides that, it is one of the evidences that he has no opinion on this subject that is entitled to respect. With the best will in the world, the next President can do very little for silver. He may, indeed, try to pay it out in redemption of Treasury notes, but his attempt will arouse such a storm of angry protest that it will doubtless be his last. He may, by the tone of his messages, disturb the business world, and excite the distrust of foreign capitalists who are eagerly waiting for an opportunity to invest in American securities, but if he is weak in character, and ignorant of the principles that underlie the money question, he will not be likely to show his hand unless it be forced. The reason why the country needs a sound-money man in the White House for the next four years is that the currency question cannot be settled by the mere defeat of the silver-miners and the BLANDS, and it will continue to be the important and difficult problem until the government discontinues its partnership with the banking business of the country, until all government paper currency is retired, and until the Treasury is once more confined to the performance of the functions for which it was created—the collection and disbursement of the government revenues. And until Congress reaches a conclusion as to what system of currency shall take the place of the heterogeneous and disturbing systems under which the country now suffers, there ought to be in the Executive chair a man who is not only aware that his party and the country are opposed to the free coinage of silver, and who is therefore opposed to it himself, but a man who knows, as an elemental principle, that it is absolutely necessary for the financial health of this community that the gold standard shall be maintained, and who has the courage to do all in his power to accomplish that object.

It may be that such a man has once held unsound opinions on the currency question. There are men who have believed that the free coinage of silver by this country alone would broaden the basis on which trade transactions rest, and would thereby tend to make prices more steady than they have been, but who are to-day thoroughly enlightened and earnest advocates of sound views on money. There are strong sound-money men in public life who did not follow Mr. BLAND to the extreme point of his assumptions, but who talked in favor of a "more liberal use of silver," and who advocated and voted for the BLAND-ALLISON and the SHERMAN purchase laws, but who have since studied and thought themselves into a sound position. It is one of the conditions of American public life that most American public men shall master public questions by actually dealing with them. It often happens, therefore, that men who are sent to Congress take the wrong side of economic and financial questions when they are new to them, or when they do not realize, as trained men do, the vital nature of the questions. Men who are fair-minded and conscientious are often found, at the end of their careers, opposing theories and measures that they advocated at the beginning. Their apparent inconsistency is an honor to them, and their convictions in the end are the stronger and the more controlling because they have attained to them through arduous toil, and through experiences that are sometimes bitter and occasionally humiliating. It does not follow, therefore, because an American public man twenty years ago advocated unsound views on the silver question that he is not to be trusted and followed by those who believe in the single gold standard.

But Mr. McKINLEY is not one of the men who can be so trusted and followed. He is not to be classed with Secretary CARLISLE, or Secretary HOKE SMITH, or Congressman TURNER of Georgia, or Congressman HALL of Missouri, or with the score or more of editors in various parts of the country who have announced in their newspapers that they were once mistaken on the silver question, and that henceforth they intend to be right, and to do all that is in their power to make amends for the wrong that they may have worked through their former erroneous teachings. These men have intelligent convictions, gained through knowledge that they have acquired by hard work, but Mr. McKINLEY has never had convictions on either side of the subject. He has uttered speeches on both sides, but they have been inspired by the existing attitude of his party; they have not been informed by knowledge. His mind is the sport of the moment. When his party was for silver, so was he. Now that his party is not for silver, he too is against it. But his mind can travel no farther than the declarations of the party's platforms. He has no independent view of his own, because he has no knowledge of his own, and has probably never thought of the subject except as a partisan question. If he is for the gold standard now, it is because he believes that the majority of the Republican party is for gold. But as his opinions concerning money are formed by counting Republican noses for and against silver, not upon his understanding of the question, so his views on other phases of the currency question are doubtless those which he supposes to be held by most Republicans. He is probably in favor of the retention of the "battle-stained greenback," and thinks of those who point to its employment to drain the treasury of its gold as rebels and copperheads. He probably stands by the national-bank notes, and would be incapable of appreciating the argument against them that such a currency must be inelastic. Finally, as the Republicans in Congress have joined the Populists in criticising Mr. CLEVELAND for procuring the gold necessary for the maintenance of the country's credit by issuing bonds, and have refused to help him by legislation or by making the loans less expensive to the government, Mr. McKINLEY would probably decline to follow Mr. CLEVELAND'S example, and would leave the public honor to the sport of our inefficient Congress.

It is because Mr. McKINLEY can possibly have

no opinion on this subject which is entitled to respect, not because he once held and advocated a wrong opinion, that his election to the Presidency would be a menace to the business interests of the country. We do not want a man in the White House who is against the free coinage of silver because his party tells him that it is time for him to take that tack. We need a man there who, whatever his former views may have been, now knows that the gold standard ought to be maintained, and whose conviction is so deep and earnest that he will make his knowledge and conviction tell for the public interests.

A QUESTION FOR DEMOCRATS.

EVENTS are untoward for the Democratic party. For one reason or another the silver men in the organization have gained important victories over their sound-money contemporaries. In Iowa it is BOIES and silver. In Alabama Congressman CLARKE has been defeated in his contest for the nomination for Governor by his free-coinage opponent, and Alabama was the Southern State where the sound-money Democrats had most hope. Tennessee is for free silver. Georgia is likely to be, because the representation in the Democratic State Convention in the cities, where sound-money views prevail, is disproportionately small as compared with the representation of the rural districts, where the free-coinage sentiment is in the ascendency. The Democrats in the East and the Northwest are likely to send sound-money delegates to Chicago, but without some delegates from the South the sound-money men will be defeated, and the Chicago convention is therefore very likely to nominate a free-coinage candidate on a free-coinage platform.

Of course it is yet too early to assert that the free-silver men have already won their victory in the Democratic convention, but the chances are so strongly in favor of such a result that it is time for sound-money Democrats to be thinking about what they will do if RICHARD P. BLAND, or a man like him, shall be the Democratic candidate, and the party platform shall be an embodiment of BLAND'S financial opinions. Certainly sound-money men cannot consent to support such a candidate or such a platform. Nor can they afford (and they should ponder this proposition well) to divert a free-coinage majority in the convention from its intention to name the ticket and to write the platform. Neither can they support Mr. MCKINLEY if he should be nominated by the Republicans. What will they do then? They may not have to decide this question, but it is well for them to be prepared for it.

THE UITLANDERS' GRIEVANCES.

THE feeling in English official circles against the Boers, or rather the sympathy with the JAMESON raiders, is growing stronger since it has become obvious that Mr. CECIL RHODES instigated the invasion. It may be true, as we are from time to time assured, and as President KRUEGER has been assured by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, that the government does not intend to overlook the offence against the Transvaal, and that Mr. RHODES and his South African Company are to be investigated. Nevertheless, the wrongs which the Boers inflict upon the Uitlanders in the Transvaal are becoming more and more impressive to the English imagination, and the "uprising" is beginning to be discussed as if it were the revolt of a down-trodden and oppressed people against an intolerable tyranny. This is the view of Mr. EDWARD DICEY, who writes on South Africa in the *Nineteenth Century*, and who speaks of JAMESON'S raid as if it were quite as defensible a movement as the American Revolution.

There is no doubt that the grievances of which the Uitlanders complain are substantial, and that the refusal of the Boers to right them is characteristic both of an obstinacy and an ignorance that are not compatible with the highest interests of the community, and of the corruption of a poor rural community that has been brought suddenly into contact with the newly discovered wealth of the gold mines, and with the horde of eager and unscrupulous speculators who own the mines, or who have been attracted to Johannesburg by their tempting allurements, and by the dreams of sudden wealth that they inspire.

The first wrong of which the Uitlanders complain is political. The Boers have made it next to impossible for them to acquire citizenship. When Mr. GLADSTONE surrendered to the Boers after the victory of the latter at Majuba, and the independence of the South African Republic in domestic matters was declared, nothing was said in the treaty of Pretoria as to the political rights of Englishmen in the republic. The Gladstonian government presumably did not think that the Boers would deprive Englishmen who were in the country already, or who were to come, of equal rights with the Boers. Perhaps this impression was justifiable, and therefore the omission to guard against what has happened is excusable, if, indeed, any omission of a government to protect the proper interests of its citizens, when such protection is within its power, is ever excusable. At any rate, equal rights were the rule in South Africa when the treaty was made, and they are the rule now in all British South Africa, and in the Orange Free State, where Boers and Englishmen stand on the same footing. Therefore perhaps it was natural for the GLADSTONE government of fifteen years ago to assume that the Boers of the Transvaal would not adopt a different rule from that which prevailed in neighboring states. Moreover, existing laws permitted aliens to become citizens of the Transvaal itself after a year's residence. But the Boers of the Transvaal feared the English, and when the gold-mines were discovered their fears increased. One year after the cession of the Transvaal a residence of five years was made necessary before citizenship could be granted, and in 1890 the law was so changed that a white alien who now desires citizenship must first enroll himself in the military service. After two years he may apply for citizenship, taking an oath of allegiance, and citizenship may be granted him after ten years, and then only with the consent of two-thirds of the electorate of the applicant's district. Other grievances are petty beside this one. They consist in the granting to favorites of the Boer government of monopolies for the sale of articles necessary, and for transporting, by which the cost of mining the ore is enormously increased.

No American will deny that such grievances may constitute a cause for an uprising by the Uitlanders who live in the Transvaal. But there is a difference between revolution and invasion, and JAMESON and RHODES are invaders, whose acts and the acts of whose government in the premises are to be judged under international law, and by rules that govern the conduct of civilized governments toward one another.

PROGRESS IN MAN-FLIGHT.

IT seems fairly doubtful whether GOLDSMITH, if he had been of this generation, would have felt justified in declaring that man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long. The contemporary sentiment about man, based on daily experience, is that he wants everything that strikes him as even potentially desirable, and wants it vehemently and continuously until he gets it. For a long, long time he has wanted to navigate the air. His attempts to do so have been imperfectly successful, but he keeps on trying with irrepressible persistence. A long time ago he invented balloons, which are successful in a measure, since they will carry him up into the air. But they are far from satisfying him. He wants a machine that will take him where he wants to go.

He cannot fly yet, but this problem of man-flight now engrosses the attention of some of the cleverest scientists and inventors in the world, and they certainly seem to be progressing toward its solution. Professor LANGLEY of the Smithsonian Institution has been working at it for years, as is well known, and though he works in retirement and says very little, we get information now and then as to his proceedings. There was a little flutter the other day over the news that a machine of his which is run by steam had made two short flights, coming down each time in safety. It came down because it ran out of steam. But the fact that it did mount up, and that it kept its balance after the power gave out, and came down without disaster, is thought to represent an achievement of first-rate importance in aeronautics.

Professor LANGLEY calls his machine an aerodrome. While he is busy in Washington, with abundant resources at his disposal, Mr. MAXIM keeps experimenting in England with aeroplanes, and Professor LILIENTHAL and Count ZEPPELIN keep at work in Germany. A recent Berlin despatch says that Count ZEPPELIN, after years of experiment, is building an air-ship which is to carry 5000 pounds, and go wherever its governor wills. But air-ships that *are going* to carry loads and be dirigible hardly excite even the imagination. In aeronautics the hopes of inventors count for little with the public. It is incredulous, except in the face of an accomplished fact. Whatever Professor LANGLEY'S expectations are, he is wisely reticent about them.

LOAFING.

IN reply to the question, "What has college done for you?" an Oxford Don said: "It has taught me to loaf well. There is no place for it like the streams and gardens of an ancient university."

Now this season recalls the Don's saying; and in many towns that are neither ancient nor famed for learning, a vernal privilege is at present being claimed, though in more modest terms. Oxford's supremacy in licensed idling need not be contested; still, there are between New York and San Francisco delectable gardens and streams, and in the fair land that lies between Mexico and Canada are a few persons who, during this month and the next at least, echo the sentiment of the Oriental philosopher: "Why should we be in a hurry? Has not God made time enough?" It would seem to be a pity to discourage these persons by the suggestion that for the cultivation of the gentle art of loafing there is *no* place like Oxford. Perhaps if an average American earnestly desire to loaf, and will try hard enough, he may find that even his native town will lend itself to this experiment. Perhaps also the view in regard to the conduct of life which the few persons just referred to share with philosophers in the far East may have in it something that should commend it to popular favor. Certainly there is nothing that the people more esteem than wise judgment and witty characterization of human events; and in *As You Like It* we read that the banished Duke, after he had spent many idle days in the Forest of Arden, could "translate the stubbornness of fortune into so quiet and so sweet a style." At any rate, the approval of loafing belongs to a much older civilization than that of Western Europe and America. After a while the somewhat exclusive lesson that the Don learned on the banks of the Isis may be freely taught everywhere. The Christian era is still only in its teens: Time is young.

RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

IN the volume of its foreign trade the United States ranks fourth among commercial nations. The United Kingdom stands first, occupying a position far in advance of any competitor, and enjoying a distributing and carrying trade nearly equal to that of any two of her great rivals combined. This eminence is more marked in the import than in the export interest. By the agency of its immense mercantile marine and highly organized and firmly established credit system, the products of the world are brought to its shores, to be distributed among the markets of use or consumption at home and abroad. The imports of the United Kingdom in a year represent a value of $1,987,200,000; those of Germany, $1,081,706,200; those of France, $925,415,700; and of the United States, $800,000,000. Did the volume of trade depend upon population, as some of our statesmen believe to be the case with money or currency, the instrument of trade, the imports of France would be equal to those of the United Kingdom, those of Germany one-fourth greater, and of the United States 80 per cent. greater. This would give to the United States annual imports to the value of more than $3,500,000,000, a sum "beyond the dreams of avarice."

Commerce does not depend upon numbers of population, as the great nations of the East prove, but on the ability of the people to pay for their imports, to utilize them as food or in industries, to consume according to their wealth, and to market the surplus. Volume of imports, mistaken for "dependence" upon foreign producers, is rather a proof of high economic organization, and a source of strength and profit. The large part of the immense imports of raw materials by England feeds her population and great industries, while the finished products support her export trade. Germany, like the United States, uses nearly all her imports in her industries; while France has an important transit trade, the articles merely passing through her territory to other consuming peoples.

Apart from the manufacturing supplies obtained from abroad, nearly all the European countries are unable to produce within themselves the food needed by their populations. As the number of mouths to be fed increased, the proportionate returns from the soil became more costly to secure, and it was found to be cheaper to buy from countries having greater advantages in producing grain and animals. Food constitutes one-third of the total value of imports into France and Germany. The United Kingdom is still more dependent on the colonies and the foreigner for necessary articles of food, which constitute 40 per cent. of her imports. Rich as is the United States in agriculture—and its surplus product has from the beginning sustained its large export trade—it must secure from abroad such food as it cannot or does not produce within itself. In the aggregate these imports represent a large amount, more than one-fourth the entire imports. The main difference between the United States and England, France, and Germany is the small part cereals play in our imports. In the European countries grain constitutes an important item in imports; in the United States the leading articles are coffee, tea, fruits, and sugar, the supply of which could not be produced at home.

The relative industrial position of the great powers may be roughly estimated by a study of their imports. This can be only a very crude measure, but holds good in default of any other standard. The United States produces more pig-iron in a year than the United Kingdom; and Germany's production is one-fourth smaller than the English. As iron is the basis of all manufacturing industry, the United States should lead the world. The trade returns do not carry out this promise. Nearly 60 per cent. ($444,000,000) of the French imports are raw materials; 44 per cent. ($420,000,000) of the German; and 35 per cent. ($740,000,000) of the British. Compared with such returns, an importation into the United States of $200,000,000 in crude materials appears small.

In the value of exports there is not the same wide difference among the four nations. The United Kingdom again easily leads, with $1,332,378,922; but the value of the exports of the other three peoples is curiously alike—$797,276,438 for Germany; $796,047,800 for France; and $807,000,000 for the United States. Compared with Europe, the export trade of the United States is peculiar. From Germany 64 per cent. of the exports are manufactured products, and from France more than 54 per cent. The United Kingdom exports two great classes of articles—foreign and colonial produce, which is largely crude materials, and domestic manufactures. The latter comprise nearly 90 per cent. of the entire export movement, and thus establishes the position of that kingdom as the great industrial purveyor of the world. From the United States the exports are largely agricultural products, and manufactures give barely one-fourth of the total, even in the best of years.

This comparison shows that what commercial policy is good for England, France, and Germany may not apply to conditions in the United States. It is unquestionably cheaper at present to sell grain to Europe in exchange for manufactures than to seek to make everything within our own borders. Yet the direction in which our trade must grow is indicated. The consumption of foreign products of necessity and voluntary use must increase with population and wealth, and with the spread of a love for tasteful articles. The ability to export wheat and provisions may decline through natural economic changes; but the ability to export manufactures will increase, and a study of neighboring markets alone will show an apparently unlimited field for the products of domestic industry.

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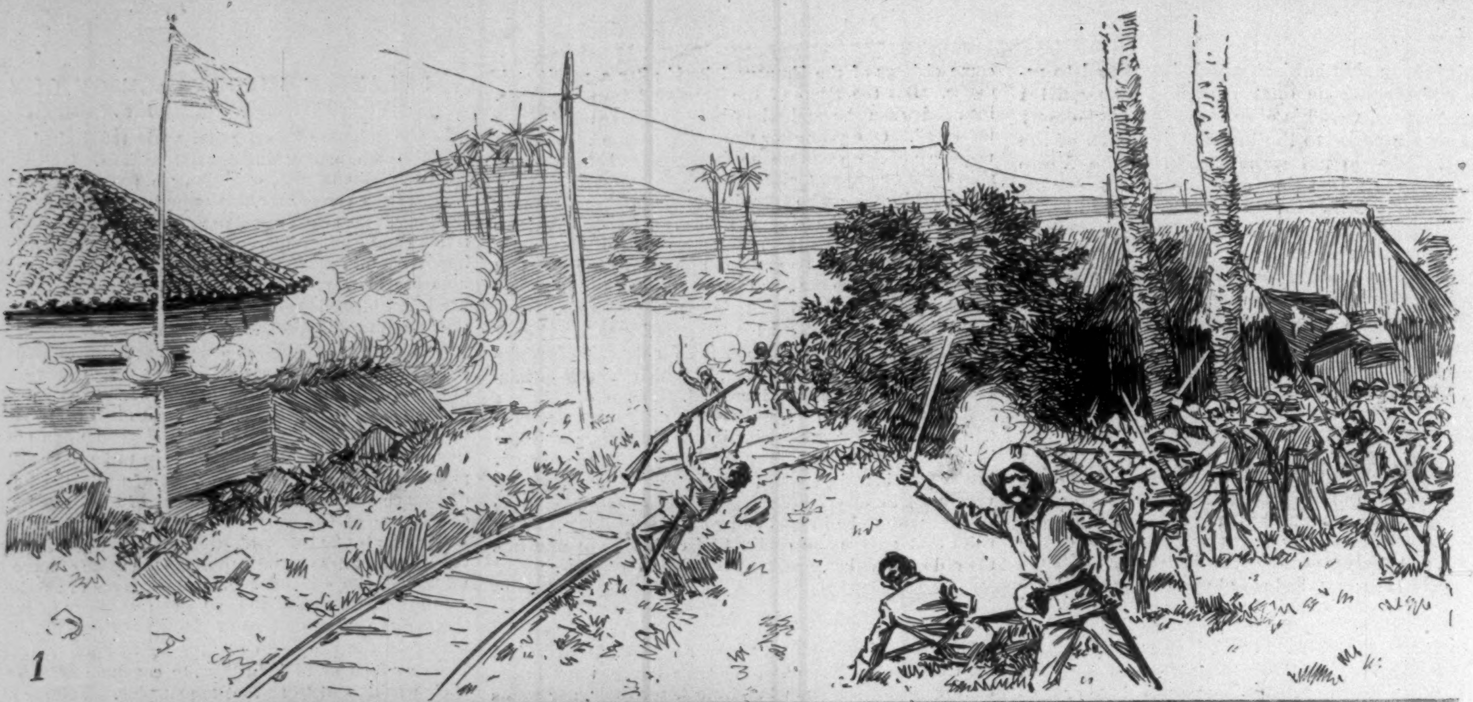

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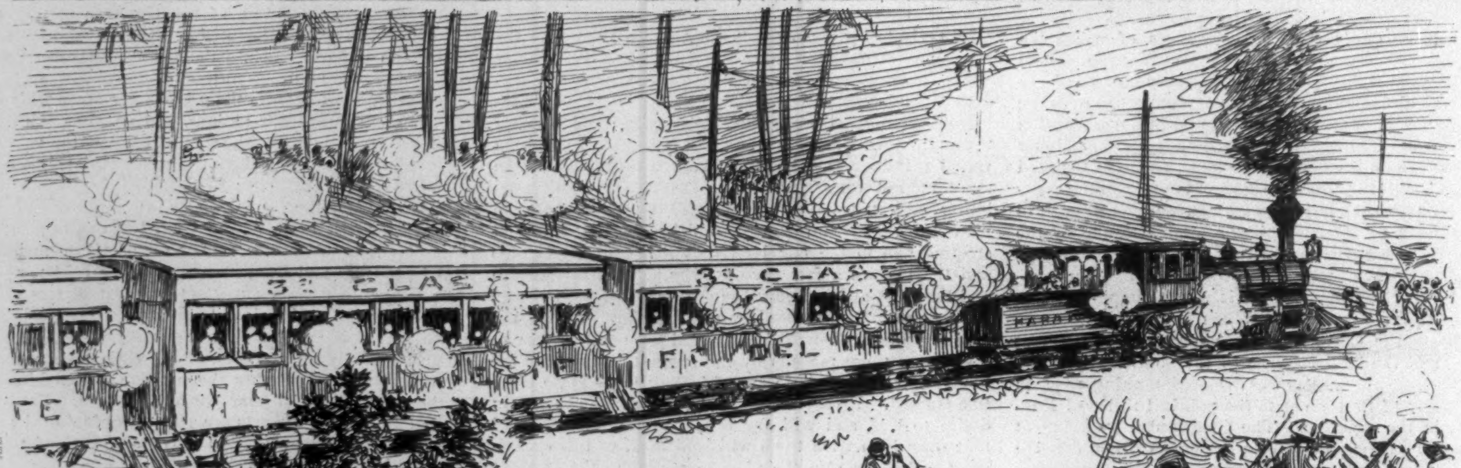
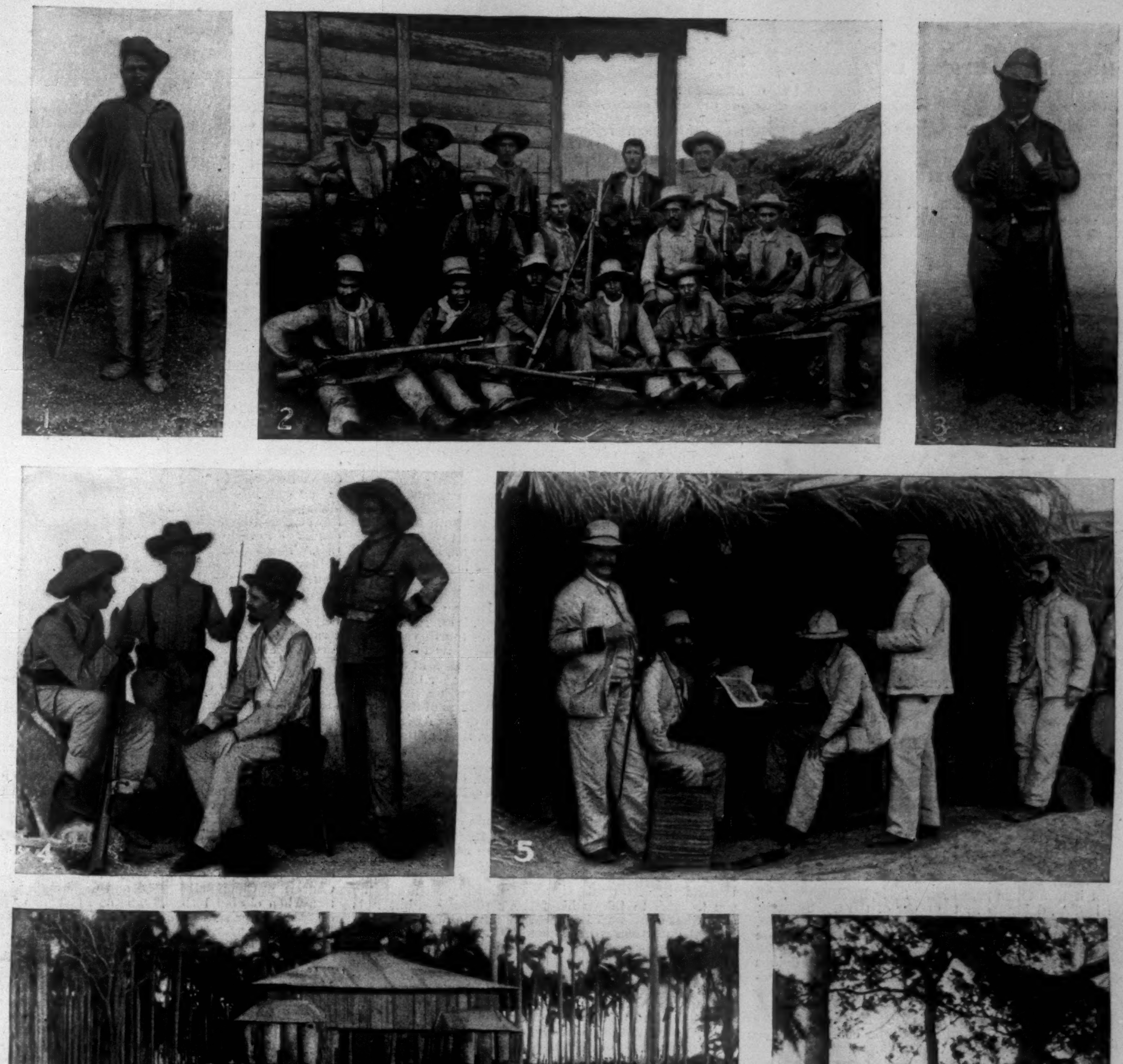


THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—AMONG THE INSURGENTS.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Sketches furnished by Carlos Valdes, a Comandante in Maceo's Army.—[See Page 546.]

1. Insurgent Forces commanded by Quintin Banderas attacking Fort Guazabo, April 9. 2. The Insurgent Attack upon the Volunteers under Captain Carranza at the Inn of La Rosa, San Diego de Nuñez. 3. Insurgents led by Brauilio Guerra and Perico Diaz holding up a Train loaded with Spanish Soldiers and Ammunition near Pozo Redondo.



THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—WITH THE SPANISH SOLDIERS ALONG THE TROCHA.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SENT BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 546.]

1. Insurgent Prisoner. 2. Group of enlisted Men. 3. Spanish Soldier. 4. Our Correspondent getting Details of a Combat. 5. A Snap-Shot at Officers stationed on the Trocha. 6. The Fort guarding the Trocha opposite the Hotel at Artemisa. 7. An Officer and his Command on the Trocha, showing Fort and depth of Trench. 8. Elevated Sentry-Box on the Trocha.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN ALASKA.

The Chilcat Indians of Alaska are idolaters, and also firm believers in the practice of witchcraft, and insist that when one of the tribe falls ill with any sickness whatever the sufferer has been bewitched by an enemy. For many years the practice of witch-doctoring by their native medicine-men has been sternly suppressed by the Territorial Governors of Alaska, as it always involved either a human sacrifice to appease the evil spirit or some other horrible rite to rid the bewitched of the malign influence. Witch-doctors accordingly grew scarce, but about two years ago word was brought to Oonalaska that a witch-

THE OLD WITCH-DOCTOR.

doctor had appeared at the lower Chilcat village, and that in consequence several murders had been committed, and that mothers were sacrificing their children.

In one instance it was reported that an Indian buck who was supposed to be suffering from the presence of a malign spirit, but who really had nothing worse than the chills and fever, had been placed in one of their salmon-curing houses and smoked, not only being smothered to death, but in fact thoroughly cured in the most complete sense of the word, as his body was preserved after the manner of smoked salmon.

In another case a squaw whose child was taken ill hanged it to a totem-pole by the heels, head downward, until it died, doing so by the order of the witch-doctor. There were no less than a score of murders and sacrifices, all attributed to the work of the old wretch whose picture is here printed.

When the authorities learned of the old fellow's doings orders were given to capture him, and he was apprehended at Chilcat, just as he was making ready to smoke the witch out of another "red-skin." He was tried and condemned before the United States District Court for the Territory of Alaska, and ordered to be confined in the penitentiary at San Quentin, California.

The old man, who is supposed to be over seventy years of age, is below the ordinary Digger Indian in intelligence, and is stupid to an extreme degree. Where and how he obtained his wonderful power and influence over the Chilcats is a mystery.

THIS BUSY WORLD

It is a relief to learn that the report that Mr. Aubrey Beardsley was in a critical state of health was ill-founded. Later advices represent him as being as well as usual. Mr. Beardsley, though still young, has much to repent of, and common charity bids us hope that he may live long to make reparation for his misdeeds, and bring forth works meet for remorse.

The censure of the G.A.R. of Illinois which President Eliot incurred by his address at the Peace Convention in Washington seems not to have caused him appreciable distress. He spoke in Washington of Jingoism as a detestable word for a detestable thing, and grieved that among the foremost Jingoes were sundry graduates of Harvard University. Since his reproof by the Illinois Grand Army men he has reaffirmed his sentiments, and identified some of the Harvard Jingoes by name. We all know them—Mr. Dana, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Roosevelt. There is another, whom he does not name, and possibly has not identified—Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine, of the *Sun*, who has the reputation of being very well informed on foreign affairs, and who uses his information to instigate his brethren to pursue an aggressive policy in dealing with their neighbors. It is rather odd that while the general sentiment of Harvard is so decidedly conservative and peaceable, four of the most conspicuous supporters of the chip-on-the-shoulder policy should be of her family.

The *Evening Post*, rejoicing in the development of college oratory, finds it "perfectly natural now to class the great interest in college athletic contests as manifested in the last ten years" in a list of "crazes" which includes roller-skating and toboggan-sliding. It thinks college athletics were a novelty which upset the balance of public judgment for a while, had its day, passed by, and has now been succeeded by inter-collegiate debates—"a new form of college rivalry which for the time puts the others in the shade."

The revival of interest in college debating is curious, and not less praiseworthy than it is queer, but it is a much less natural manifestation, much less likely to endure, and much better entitled to be classed as a "craze" than the interest in athletics. It has seemed that the public interest in college athletics has been excessive and somewhat mischievous for some years past, and most of the best friends of athletics rejoice that for the time being it has lulled a little. But it is a reasonable, natural interest, and what is to be feared about it is that it will recur too soon again with too much violence. It did not die a natural death, like roller-skating and toboggan-sliding. Its lapse, so far as it has lapsed, is due partly to events, partly to the fact that it was choked off by its friends. The row between Harvard and Yale has done very much to diminish it, and much of the interest in the recent Harvard and Yale debates is due to the absence of all other competitions between Yale and Harvard—an absence not due to natural causes, but to artificial ones.

Another thing that has checked the interest in athletics and increased the interest in debates has been the unusual application of the public mind to public questions. It is many years since the Americans have been so stirred over foreign affairs as within the last six months, or thought so hard over large problems of governmental policy. We have had serious times and have taken serious thoughts. We will work out presently into easier conditions, and will turn again to other interests—and athletic interests among them. People do not need to worry over the chances of football when they are bothered with the chances of war. The *Post* thinks that "the boys have kicked their hardest and leaped their highest, and now they look on with interest to see what new thing they can do." Alas for the *Post!* Another season the boys will kick harder and leap higher than ever, not because they are crazed, but because they are boys and built that way. College athletics may run mad, and have to get over it, but they will not die out. They must go on, because they are founded on eternal verities, such as legs, energy, and youth.

The treasury of the Daisy Fields Home and Hospital for Children, at Englewood, New Jersey, is low, and needs replenishing. The Home is now in its fourth year, and many crippled children who have been received in it have been sent home cured. Most of the patients sent to it recover, but it is particularly hard this year for the Home to pay its running expenses, notwithstanding that it is carefully managed and feeds all the members of its household at a cost of 27½ cents apiece a day. Among the Home's backers are Charles D. Kellogg, Esq., of the Charity Organization Society, and Jacob A. Riis, Esq., either of whom is ready to vouch for it. It needs money, and its treasurer is Mrs. J. R. Tillinghast, care of Turner, McClure, & Rolston, 22 William Street, New York.

Families that get into Uncle Sam's navy seem curiously apt to continue to be represented in it. The inclination to serve our Uncle on the sea seems to go down from father to son with even greater certainty than the propensity to serve him in the army, though that too is a common inheritance. No doubt it is a natural disposition in the son to wish to follow his father's profession, but it is somewhat more surprising when a naval officer's son follows the sea than when a doctor's son takes to doctoring or a lawyer's son to law, because law and medicine are lucrative professions, and the navy is not. Some citizens, who look upon both the army and navy as assortments of places where men live at Uncle Sam's expense, object to the continuance of families in either service, and argue that turn about is fair play, and talk of the danger of breeding a military or naval class in the republic. But a more practical consideration is that qualities that have made good officers in one generation are apt to be inherited and make good officers in the next generation, so that heredity in both army and navy has very obvious and definite uses.

Rear-Admiral Thomas Holdup Stevens, who died May 15, was the son of Commodore Stevens, and the father of Lieutenant-Commander Stevens—all of the same name. The elder Stevens, the Admiral's father, commanded one of the ships (the *Trippe*) of Perry's Lake Erie squadron in 1812, when he was but eighteen years old. The late Admiral, born in Middletown, Connecticut, in 1819, was appointed midshipman—to his father's displeasure, report says—in 1836, and when the civil war broke out was a Lieutenant who had seen twenty-five years of service. He served all through the war with ardor, courage, and distinction. He was in the fight at Port Royal in November, 1861, and kept in hot waters most of the time from then till the war closed. He was engaged against Commodore Tattnall's fleet in the Savannah River in 1862; was made commander of the *Maratanza*, and took part in the battles of West Point and Malvern Hill; commanded the *Monitor* a short time; then the *Sonoma* (in Wilkes's West India squadron), with which he chased the privateer *Florida* for thirty-four hours on the Bahama Banks, but could not catch her. In 1863 he commanded the monitor *Patapsco*, and later the *Oneida*, of the Western Gulf blockading squadron. In the fight at Mobile in July, 1864, he commanded the *Winnebago*. He was commissioned Commander in 1862, Captain in 1866, Commodore in 1872, and Rear-Admiral in 1876. In 1881 he was retired. Admiral Stevens's home was in Washington. He died at his daughter's home in Rockville, Maryland.

REAR-ADMIRAL T. H. STEVENS.

One of Mr. Rogers's cartoons in a recent number of the Weekly represents the Emperor William putting his foot through John Bull's map of South Africa. It found its way to an American gentleman in Johannesburg, who writes to his brother in New York: "I gave it to my Boer friend, Mr. ——. It pleased him immensely, and he took it to Pretoria and showed it to President Krueger, who was so pleased with it he kept it, and now your Harper's is lying on the President's reading-table, and he takes great pleasure in showing it to everybody that comes in."

E. S. Martin.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now in session at Cleveland, has retired two of the bishops of that Church, and chosen two others to take their places. The bishops who were retired are Thomas Bowman, D.D., bishop resident at St. Louis, and Randolph S. Foster, D.D., bishop resident at Boston. Both have served as bishops since the General Conference of 1872, when eight bishops were elected. Of the eight only two now remain in active service, Bishop Stephen M. Merrill, of Chicago, who is now the senior bishop, and Bishop Edward G. Andrews, of New York. Bishop Bowman is seventy-nine years old, and Bishop Foster is seventy-six. The reason for their retirement is found in the fact that, because of the feebleness of age, it has become difficult for them to perform all the functions of the episcopacy and to endure all the hardships of the office as they did in earlier years. Their retirement is in every respect honorable to themselves and to the Church, although the necessity for it is painful, as the withdrawal of a veteran from the activities of life always is.

The two new bishops are Charles C. McCabe, D.D., of New York, and Earl Cranston, D.D., of Colorado. The former was chosen on the fifteenth ballot, and the latter on the sixteenth, after a deadlock which was unprecedented in the history of the Church. The Conference decided to elect its bishops on a two-thirds instead of a simple majority vote, and this made it difficult for any candidate to secure an election. The balloting began Friday morning, and continued through the Friday, Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday sessions, a result being reached Tuesday afternoon, when Dr. McCabe received 344 votes out of 504 on the fifteenth ballot, and Dr. Cranston received 366 votes out of 504 on the sixteenth. By a strange coincidence both men were born in the same town in Ohio, Athens, and both are soldiers, the former having served as chaplain of the 122d Ohio Volunteers, and the other having enlisted as private in the Third Ohio infantry and reached the position of captain. Bishop McCabe was for sixteen years corresponding secretary of the Church Extension Society, and in 1884 was elected one of the corresponding secretaries of the Missionary Society, from which position he was promoted to the episcopacy. Bishop Cranston, after a long period of service as pastor, was chosen senior publishing agent of the Methodist Book Concern at Cincinnati in 1884, and was holding that position when elected bishop. The new bishops were consecrated in the presence of a great multitude at the seat of the General Conference, Tuesday, May 26. A portrait of Bishop McCabe was given in Harper's Weekly of May 2, 1896.

DR. EARL CRANSTON.

Honors are raining upon American art in London and Paris just now. It is not very long since Mr. Abbey was elected to the Royal Academy, and the exhibition recently opened by that illustrious organization is reported to owe a great proportion of its value to him and to Mr. Sargent. The latter is also pre-eminent in the show at the New Gallery. In Paris Mr. Abbey has been made an associate of the Champ de Mars Salon, the younger and more significant Salon of the two which make the French "season." His great achievement in decorative narration, the design for the "Holy Grail" pageant on the walls of a room in the Boston Public Library, has completely won the Parisian critics. It is very gratifying to Americans, and it is the more delightful to them inasmuch as it is not a surprise. Both Sargent and Abbey have shown that they could be uneven in their work. The former sent to the spring displays of the Academy and the Society of American Artists, here in New York, some amazingly poor paintings. But the furor created by his portraits in London to-day—the portrait of Mr. Chamberlain and the study of a noble lady whose name is still unrevealed to the public—comes as the culmination to a development which has been, on the whole, extraordinarily steady and sure. With Abbey it is the same. The historical composition with which he has taken London captive—a picture of Richard's wooing of Lady Clare, with the funeral procession of Henry VI. passing by—is but the natural fruit of a consistently cultivated genius. London and Paris may exclaim with wonder, if so they choose to do. It is with no complacency or pretentious patriotism that America watches the triumphs of her brilliant sons among the artists of France and England, and preserves a serenely proud demeanor. It has been known here that Mr. Abbey and Mr. Sargent would reach the places they have reached in Europe. And it is confidently expected that they will still further demonstrate their superiority. Some of their best work lies before them. Both men are in the eye of artistic Europe to-day,—and both are in their prime.

It is such a little thing. A mouselike form, and it is called the *Cœnolestes obscurus*. It is a newly discovered creature, and comes from Bogota, and zoologists and evolutionists have gone quite wild over the tiny beast, for on it seems to rest the theory of the existence of that vast region of the unknown called the Lost Atlantis. It is St. George Mivart who champions the mouse and Atlantis. The argument is a zoological one. In America the opossum, a true marsupial, exists, and his relationship to the Australian kangaroo is close. In both animals it is a question of pouch, in which the young are kept and nursed. But then there are wide divergences between the kangaroo and opossum. Never was there an Australian kangaroo without what are known as a diprotodont dentition and syndactyl toes. By the first is meant two long teeth extending forward from the lower jaw. Syndactyl toes are two claws on the hind feet, one of which, the inner one, is conspicuously large. So far the naturalist has hunted for creatures in the New World possessing these two traits in the marsupial garb, but in vain. It is

the Bogotan creature, found last year, which shows marsupialism and, besides, the diprotodon dentition. Hence the argument that at one time there must have been continuity of land betwixt what we call America to-day and Australia. Then up looms from the waters of oblivion the lost Atlantis, which was the link of union. Following up the speculation, in the remote past, this Atlantis was submerged. Later on Australia, America, Europe, Africa, Asia were left. Now it follows that this tiny Cænolestes is the only survivor of "the wreck of worlds." Might not Burns be quoted?

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley."

Following, however, so great an authority as Mr. St. George Mivart, who ever hoped "that a survivor would appear upon the scene capable of bearing its dumb testimony to the former existence of what is now the long-lost Atlantis land?"

The most successful Free Art Exhibition ever held in the United States was lately seen at the Hebrew Institute in New York. This is the fourth exhibition of the kind. The first one, in 1892, was visited by 36,095 persons; the second, in 1893, was seen by 56,659. The one of 1895 was even more largely attended, the number of visitors having been 105,696. It is believed that this year the total figure of attendance will prove to have been close to 150,000. This Free Art Exhibition is given under the management of the Educational Alliance, the president of which is the Hon. Isidor Straus. The pictures shown are by leading American and foreign artists, and have been selected from the best galleries in New York. In many ways the University Settlement has given its aid to this exhibition. The interest taken in the pictures is general, the attendance consisting of all races and nationalities. This exhibition gives not alone its distinct pleasures to a large class of honest and industrious people, but, in addition, is an incentive towards education; accordingly, in the same building where the pictures are seen, there is a library, and visitors in search of information have free access to a series of volumes treating on art.

* * *

CHICAGO.

Governor Altgeld's harangue on the silver question, given in the Chicago Auditorium the other day, was evidently intended as a counterblast to the logical and convincing argument for honest money made in the same hall by Secretary Carlisle a few weeks ago. It resembled Mr. Carlisle's argument in length, and outdid it in vehemence, but I need hardly say that it was neither logical nor convincing to any serious mind. There were all the evasions and perversions of truth, all the distorted statistics, and all the appeals to prejudice that form the stock in trade of silver orators, particularly in these latter days, when they pretty generally realize that they are fighting in the last ditch. The speaker went so far as to denounce the resumption of specie payments in 1879, telling his hearers that after the war "we were on a paper basis, and for a while a paper dollar was not worth over forty cents in gold, but our people prospered as they had never prospered before. There were no strikes and no tramps; labor was employed and was content. There were enterprise, thrift, and industry everywhere. Then we contracted our currency, and paid the awful price of six years' panic, with all the misery and ruin which it spread over the land, in order to get on a coin or specie basis, as it was then called." In all the annals of demagogy it would be difficult to find a match for this reckless interpretation of historical fact. A *reductio ad absurdum* of this whole silver agitation was offered the other day by the Democratic convention of Iowa County, Iowa, which found itself hopelessly divided in opinion, and finally established "harmony" by instructing its delegation to cast six and a half votes for silver, and the same number for gold.

Once more the Supreme Court of Illinois has stood as a bulwark against legislation which assails the rights of the individual. In a decision handed down the other day it declared unconstitutional the law of last year which closed the barber shops of the State on Sundays. The act was declared to be class legislation, entirely outside of the legitimate police power of the State, and calculated to deprive the barber of property without due process of law. The significant part of the opinion is as follows: "The statute declares that it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to keep open any barber shop on Sunday. The owner is prohibited from doing any business whatever during one day in the week. The income derived from his place and his own labor and the labor of his employés is his property, but the Legislature has by the act taken that property away from him. The journeyman barber is by the law denied the right of laboring one day in the week. His labor may be the only property that he possesses, and yet this law takes that property away from him. Can a law which takes from the laborer his property be sustained? The Constitution of the United States says the State shall not deprive any person of property without due process of law, and our State Constitution declares the same thing. What is understood by the term 'due process of law' is not an open question." This decision is unusually luminous in its form of statement, but in view of the foolish legislation from which most of our States occasionally suffer, it is just as well that judicial pronouncements upon vital questions should be made in language suited to the most childish intelligence.

The size of the plums that drop into the hands of the University of Chicago has of late been such as to make ordinary gifts for educational purposes seem comparatively small. In any other place than Chicago certainly such a gift as that just made by Mr. William Deering to the Northwestern University would be hailed without reservation as magnificent. Mr. Deering's contribution takes the shape of real estate and bonds to the value of $215,000, all income-bearing. Added to previous gifts from the same generous hands, it makes his total benefactions to the Evanston college amount to about half a million dollars. In one way these educational endowments are more fruitful in the West than in older sections of the country. The funds of the three universities in and about Chicago probably yield, on an average, over five per cent. interest, a rate difficult to realize without some risk in New York or Boston. A still more striking illustration of this is offered by the University of Missouri, which gets eight per cent. upon its investments—that is, gets twice as much out of a given endowment as would be possible, practically speaking, for Columbia or Harvard.

The practice of carrying babies on bicycles, in cages or baskets attached to the handle-bars, has become very common, in spite of its obvious dangers. Physicians say, too, that the rapid motion and the jolting are not good for the baby, and that the nervous system is likely to be seriously affected. The Illinois Humane Society is trying to put an end to the practice by invoking a State law which prohibits the exposure of children in dangerous positions. The application of the law is doubtful, for of course it never contemplated such a case as this; but the movement in question seems to be a wise one, and the practice should be stopped, if possible, both for the sake of the children and the nervous on-lookers.

It is hardly going too far to say that the three performances of *The Rivals*, given in Chicago the second week of this month by the famous star cast that included Mr. Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. John Drew, Mr. and Mrs. Taber, Mr. Crane, Mr. Nat Goodwin, and Mr. Francis Wilson, constituted the most remarkable event in all the theatrical annals of this city. After a series of one-night stands (which probably brought back many early associations of a harrowing sort), this distinguished company of Thespians settled down in Chicago for two whole days, and delighted the largest audiences that McVicker's Theatre could possibly contain. At a breakfast given the actors by the Fellowship Club there was a riot of speech-making, in which Mr. Jefferson led off with some reminiscences, noting, among other things, that his father was manager of the first theatre ever built in Chicago, and telling how his company was helped out of a difficulty in 1839 by a young lawyer of Springfield. "That young man," he went on to say, "held a very important position years afterwards, and he now lies buried outside of Springfield, under a monument which tells of the life and virtues of Abraham Lincoln." W. M. P.

BOSTON.

The Longfellow house at Nahant, which was recently destroyed by fire, was not a picturesque mansion. It was a square, mansard-roofed house, standing, however, on a fine bluff, and commanding a fine view of Lynn Bay. In this house the poet passed nearly twenty-five summers, many of them in company with his brother-in-law, the late Thomas G. Appleton; and before Longfellow bought the house, Motley wrote the first pages of the *Dutch Republic* under its roof. Such a high wind was blowing at the time of the fire that the burning shingles in their flight set fire to four other summer residences, which were burned to the ground. "Cold Roast Boston" had never seen before such a conflagration. The day after this calamity, owing to the protracted drought, the beautiful pine woods around Walden Pond, where Thoreau set up his frugal household gods, were burned.

Since these memorials of the great days of "literary Boston" have been swept away, it is all the more pleasant to know that the old "Bulfinch" State-House is to be saved. It is a noble and interesting building, and, if properly restored, it should go down to many generations, with its memories of Sam Adams and John Andrew.

A petition has been presented to the city of Boston requesting that a monument be erected in memory of the late Dr. Smith, the author of the hymn "America." As long as the hymn is sung the good doctor will have a "monument more lasting than brass."

The all-conquering bicycler has at last received a slight check. In the Boston Park system there is a soft bridle-path; upon this space the knights of the wheel have cast covetous eyes, and this spring a request was made by them to the Board of Park Commissioners that this path be converted into a hard bicycle track. This modest request has been refused, and the horse still preserves some rights that a bicycler is bound to respect. J. T. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

It looks as if at least one reform might be effected by the Woman's Congress. This is in regard to the wearing of the large hat at the public gathering. Many reformers have already fought and bled for the cause, but without good results. A vigorous effort was made at the Baldwin Theatre to induce the patronesses to remove their hats, a dressing-room was furnished and a maid supplied. But the pegs in the dressing-room went hatless, and the effort was abandoned. The suggestion that women, when attending public gatherings, either remove their hats altogether or wear very small ones was made at the Woman's Congress in San Francisco, and openly advocated at the meeting of the Alameda Woman Suffragists. At the latter gathering the subject was attacked so vigorously, and the women expressed such forcible opinions on the barbarity of obstructing the view with a prodigious head-covering, that the verdict went forth against hats of any kind being worn at the coming Woman's Convention.

California will soon be as noted for its passion for holidays and celebrations as Mexico. The rush of fiestas is just over, and now begin the preparations for the semi-centennial anniversary of the raising of the Bear Flag. This famous banner was raised in Sonoma Plaza on June 14, 1846. Its fiftieth anniversary will be celebrated at Monterey, where, on July 7, 1846, Commodore Sloat raised the flag of the United States. The celebration is to continue for three days, and is to include a picnic in the fashion of Old Spain, a barbecue, and a bull's-head breakfast, and such other amusements of those bygone days as will lend local color to the scene. The statement that the member of the Bear Flag party who died recently was the last survivor is now said to be erroneous, and six veterans of this celebrated band will be present. Also all the veterans of the Mexican army resident here, and the remnant of the Pioneers that still survive the blighting influences of civilization. The raising of the Bear Flag was one of the great events in Californian history, signalizing the rebellion of California against the Mexican government. G. B.

FOR DECORATION DAY.

Why should she lay upon his grave a rose,
A simple rose made sweeter by her tears—
A fragile bloom to fade ere morning smile,
Unlike that flower of more exquisite grace,
Her love, that blossoms there through all the years?

R. K. Munkittrick.

LIFE AND LETTERS

The historical novel is one of those flexible inventions which can be fitted to the mood or genius of any writer, and can be either story or history in the proportion he prefers. Walter Scott, who contrived it, tested its elasticity as fully as any of the long line of romancers who have followed him in every land and language. It has been a favorite form with readers from the first, and it will be to the last, because it gives them the feeling that to read so much about people who once lived and figured in human events is not such a waste of time, as to read of people who never lived at all, or figured in anything but the author's fancy. With a race like ours, which always desires a reason, or at least an excuse, for enjoying itself, this feeling no doubt availed much for fiction, and helped to decide the fate of the novel favorably when its popularity was threatened by the good, stupid Anglo-Saxon conscience. Probably it had the largest share in establishing fiction as a respectable literary form, and in giving it the primacy which it now enjoys. Without the success of the monstrous fables which the gentle Sir Walter palmed off upon his generation in the shape of historicated fiction, we should hardly have revered as masters in a beautiful art the writers who have since swayed our emotions. Jane Austen, Miss Edgeworth, Hawthorne, Thackeray, George Eliot, Henry James, might have sought a hearing from serious persons in vain for the truth that was in them, if the historical novel had not established fiction in the respect of our race as a pleasure which might be enjoyed without self-reproach, or as the sugar of a pill which would be none the less powerful in its effects upon the system because it was agreeable to take.

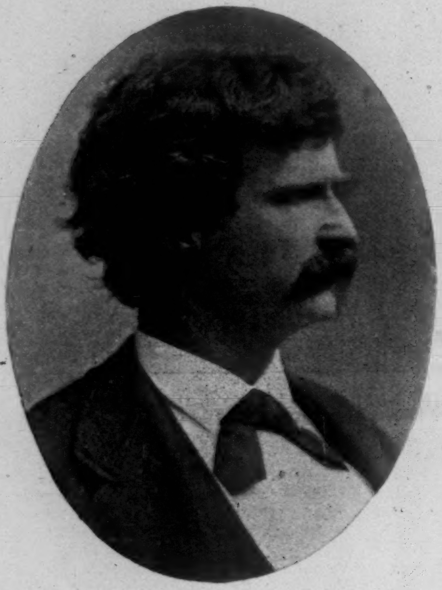
I.

It would be interesting to know, but not very pertinent to inquire, how far our great humorist's use of the historical form in fiction was prompted by love of it, or by an instinctive perception that it was the only form in which he could hope to deliver a message of serious import without being taken altogether in jest. But at any rate we can be sure that in each of Mark Twain's attempts of this sort, in the Prince and the Pauper, in the Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur, and in the Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, he was taken with the imaginative, that is to say the true nature of his theme, and that he made this the channel of the rich vein of poetry which runs through all his humor, and keeps it sound, whether it is grotesque or whether it is pathetic in effect.

The first of these three books is addressed to children, but it is not children who can get the most out of it; the last is offered to the sympathy and intelligence of men and women, and yet I should not be surprised if it made its deepest and most lasting appeal to the generous heart of youth. But I think that the second will remain the enduring consolation of old and young alike, and will be ranged in this respect and as a masterpiece of humor beside the great work of Cervantes. Since the Ingenious Gentleman of La Mancha there is nothing to compare with the Yankee at the Court of King Arthur; and I shall be very much disappointed in posterity if it does not agree with me. In that colossally amusing scheme, that infinitely suggestive situation, the author was hampered by no such distinct records as he has had to grapple with in his Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. He could launch himself into a realm of fable and turn it into fact by virtue of his own strong and vivid reality, while in a scene whose figures and events are all ascertained by history his fancy has had to work reversely, and transmute the substance into the airy fabric of romance. The result will not be accepted without difficulty by two sorts of critics: the sort who would have had him stick closer to the conventional ideal of the past, as it has been derived from other romancers, and the sort who would have had him throw that altogether away, and trust to his own divinations of its life and spirit from the events as set down, and from his abundant knowledge of human nature through himself.

II.

I confess that I am of these, and I have the least to complain of, I think. It would be impossible for any one who was not a prig to keep to the archaic attitude and parlance which the author attempts here and there; and I wish he had frankly refused to attempt it at all. I wish his personal recollections of Joan could have been written by some Southwestern American, translated to Domremy by some such mighty magic of imagination as launched the Connecticut Yankee into the streets of many-towered Camelot; but I make the most of the moments where the Sieur Louis de Conte forgets himself into much the sort of witness I could wish him to be. I am not at all troubled when he comes out with a bit of good, strong, downright, modern American feeling; my suffering begins when he does the supposed mediæval thing. Then I suspect that his armor is of tin, that the castles and rocks are pasteboard, that the mob of citizens and soldiers who fill the air with the clash of their two up and two down combats, and the well-known muffled roar of their voices have been hired in at so much a night, and that Joan is sometimes in an awful temper behind the scenes; and I am thankful when the brave Sieur Louis forgets himself again. I have my little theory that human nature is elementally much the same always and everywhere, and that if the man of intelligence will study this in his own heart, he will know pretty well what all other men have been in



ABOUT 1878.

ABOUT 1888.

ABOUT 1875.

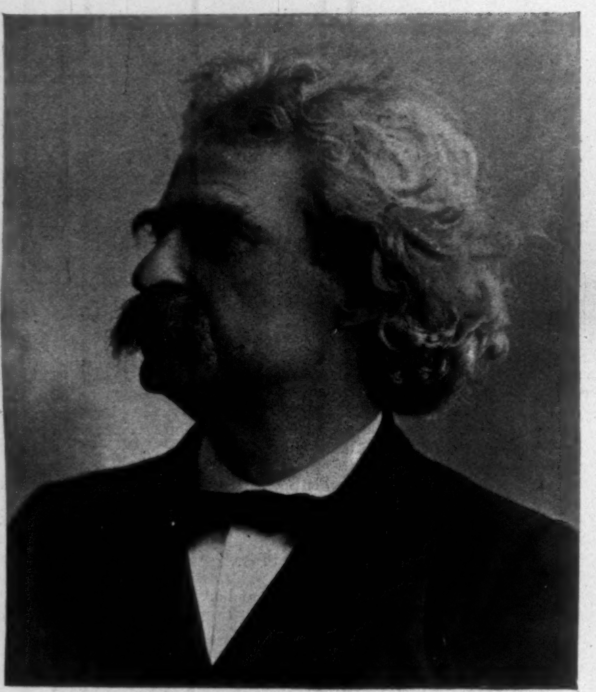
essentials. As to manners, I think that a man who knew the Southwest in the days of slavery, when the primitive distinctions between high and low, bond and free, lord and villein, were enforced with the violence of passions stronger than the laws, could make a shrewd guess at mediæval life; and I am inclined to accept Mark Twain's feudal ruffians, gentle and simple, as like enough, or as much like as one can get them at this late day. At least they are like something, and the trouble with the more romantic reproductions is that they are like nothing.

III.

A jolly thing about it, and a true thing, is the fun that his people get out of the affair. It is a vast frolic, in certain aspects, that mystical mission of the inspired Maid, and Joan herself is not above having her laugh at times. Her men-at-arms, who drive the English before them under her miraculous lead, are "the boys" who like to drink deep and to talk tall; to get the joke on each other, and the dead wood. Without this sort of relief I own that I should find their campaigns rather trying, and without the hope of overhearing some of their lusty drollery, I should not care to follow them in all their hard fighting. I fancy it is the chance of this that gives the author himself so much stomach for battle; it seems worth while to lay a lot of fellows in plate-armor low if you can have them clatter down to the music of a burly jest and a roaring laugh. He is not at the trouble to maintain the solemnity of the dominant strain throughout; and he has made his Sieur de Conte not only a devout believer in the divine authority of Joan, but a delicately tender sympathizer with her when she suffers as a poor simple shepherd girl for the deeds of the prophetess. De Conte is a very human and lovable character, and is rather apt to speak with the generous feeling and the righteous love and hate of Mark Twain, whose humor has never been sullied with anything mean or cruel. The minor note is heard mostly through De Conte's story of the trial and martyrdom of Joan, which is studied faithfully from the histories, and which I think is the best part of the book. It is extremely pathetic, at moments, and as one reads, the heart swells with pity for the victim of one of the cruelest wrongs ever done, as if the suffering from it were not over four hundred years ago.

IV.

It would not be easy to convey a sense of the reverent tenderness with which the character of Joan is developed in this fiction, and she is made a "sensible, warm motion" from the myth that she seems in history. The wonder of her career is something that grows upon the reader to the end, and remains with him while he is left tingling with compassion for the hapless child who lived so gloriously and died so piteously.



SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN), 1895.

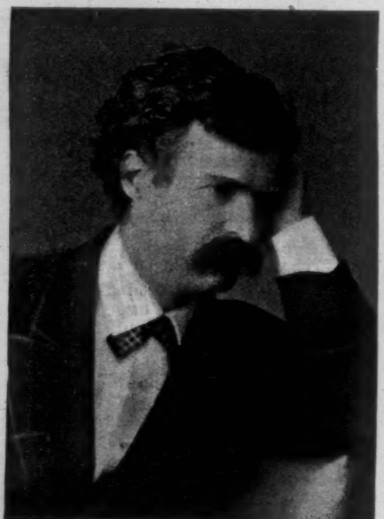
What can we say, in this age of science, that will explain away the miracle of that age of faith? For these things really happened. There was actually this peasant-maid who believed she heard voices from Heaven bidding her take command of the French armies and drive the English out of her country; who took command of them without other authority than such as the belief of her prince and his people gave her; who prophesied of the victories she should win, and won them; who broke the power of the invaders; and who then, as if God thought she had given proofs enough of her divine commission, fell into their power, and was burnt for a heretic and an idolater. It reads like a wild and foolish invention, but it is every word most serious truth. It is preposterous, it is impossible, but it is all undeniable.

What can we say to it in the last years of this incredulous old century, nodding to its close? We cannot deny it. What was it all? Was Joan's power the force dormant in the people which her claim of inspiration awoke to mighty deeds? If it was merely that, how came this poor ignorant girl by the skill to lead armies, to take towns, to advise councils, and to change the fate of a whole nation? It was she who recreated France, and changed her from a province of England to the great monarchy she became. Could a dream, an illusion, a superstition, do this? What, then, are dreams, and illusions, and superstitions, that our wisdom should be so eager to get rid of them?

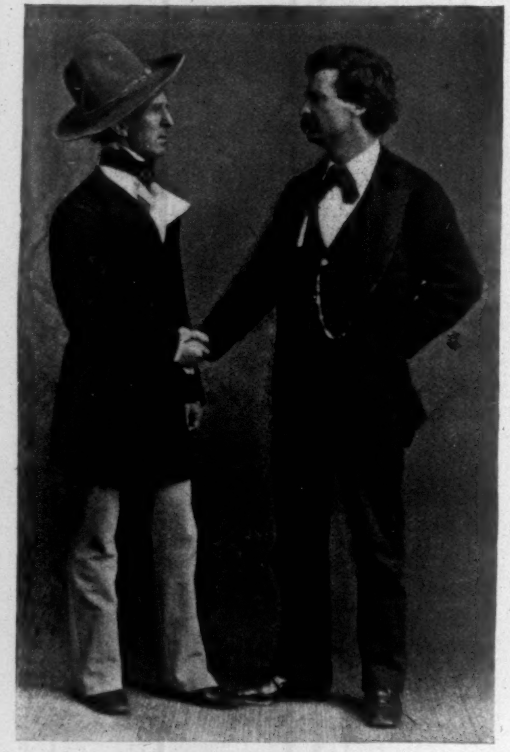
We know that for the present the force which could remove mountains is pretty much gone out of the world. Faith has ceased to be, but we have some lively hopes of electricity. We now employ it to exanimate people; perhaps we shall yet find it valuable to reanimate them. Or will faith come back again, and will the future ages be some of them religious?

I shall not attempt to answer these questions, which have, with a good number of others, been suggested by this curious book of the arch-humorist of the century. I fancy they will occur to most other readers, who will share my interest in the devout, the mystical, the knightly treatment of the story of Joan of Arc by Mark Twain. Voltaire tried to make her a laughing-stock and a by-word. He was a very great wit, but he failed to defame her; for the facts were against him. It is our humorist's fortune to have the facts with him, and whatever we think Joan of Arc, inspired or deluded, we shall feel the wonder of them the more for the light his imagination has thrown upon them. I dare say there are a good many faults in the book. It is unequal; its archaism is often superficially a failure; if you look at it merely on the technical side, the outbursts of the nineteenth-century American in the armor of the fifteenth-century Frenchman are solecisms. But in spite of all this, the book has a vitalizing force. Joan lives in it again, and dies, and then lives on in the love and pity and wonder of the reader.

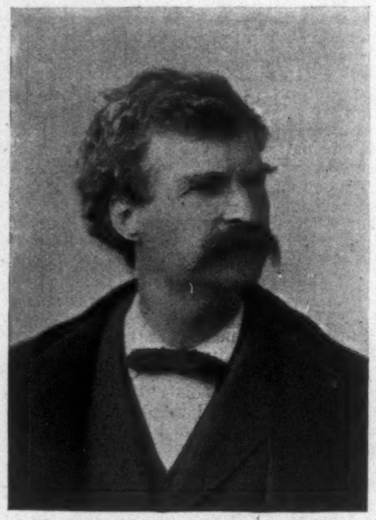
W. D. Howells.



ABOUT 1876.



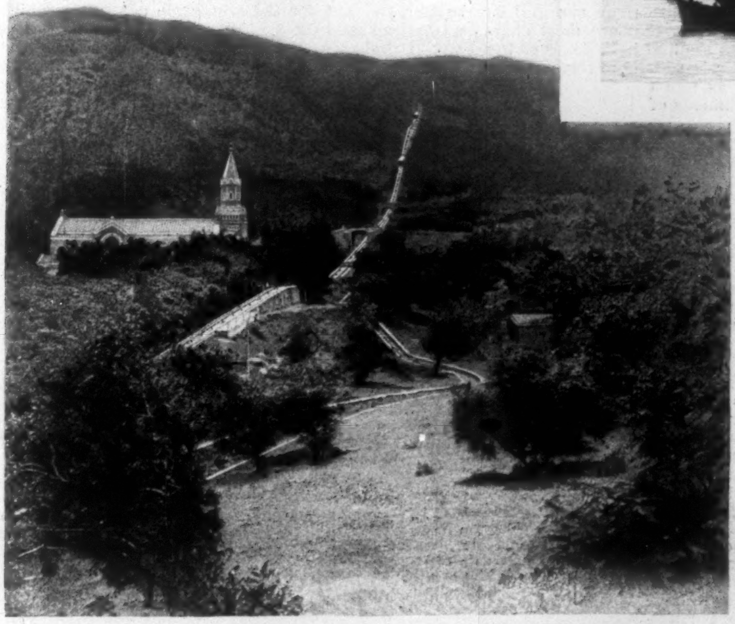
JOHN T. RAYMOND AND MARK TWAIN, 1873.
From a Photograph by Rockwood, New York.



ABOUT 1886.

A VIEW OF HONG-KONG.

SHANGHAI—THE WOO-SUNG RIVER OPPOSITE THE NATIVE CITY.

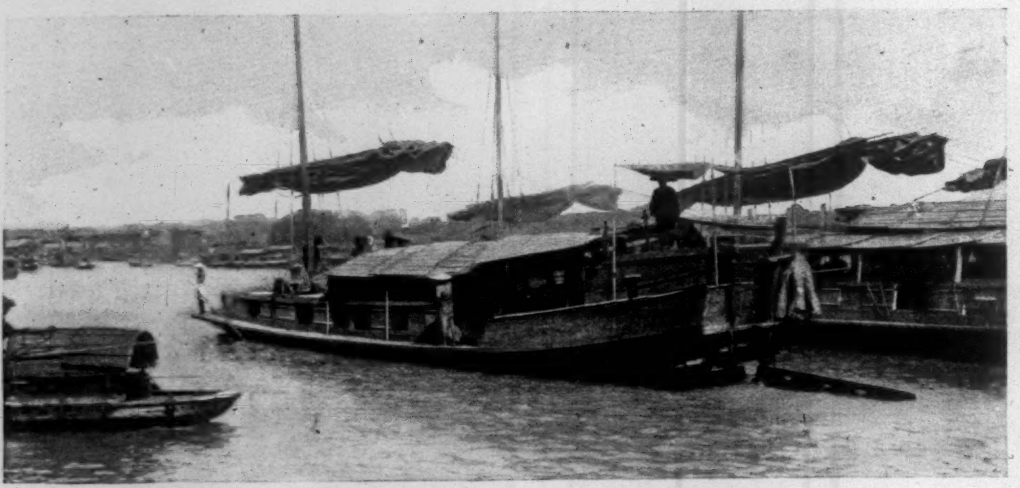


HONG-KONG—THE INCLINED CABLE RAILWAY RUNNING TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT AUSTEN.

SHANGHAI—VIEW ON THE RUE DU BARRIÈRE.

HONG-KONG—ALONG THE WATER-FRONT—COOLIES CARRYING COAL.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION.—CHINA TO-DAY.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 538.]



BOATS ON PEARL RIVER IN FRONT OF CANTON.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

CHINA TO-DAY.

Illustrated from Photographs by W. H. Jackson.

THERE is a sense in which China has always been the most interesting of countries to men of European race, yet perhaps the country and its people have never presented so many points of attraction to the representative Western civilization as to-day. Hitherto it has been almost entirely as a study of the past, an illustration—indeed, the only illustration—of a civilization as truly fossilized as the bones of the Lias or the plants of the coal measures, that China and its people have been interesting to visitors; to-day it is something more than this. At last the thought of the future inevitably intrudes itself; at last, after all the centuries of stagnation, the time has evidently come when China and its people must be exposed to new influences and started on a new era of progress. What the exact form of those influences may be, or how they will be brought to bear upon the huge inert mass of the people of China, is as yet a subject for speculation, but it is impossible to visit the country to-day and not to be impressed by the conviction that the great empire of eastern Asia, with all its teeming population, is standing on the boundary-line between a great dead past and a future full of untold possibilities.

The process of bringing the ideas of the modern world to bear on such a country and people as that of China has of necessity been a very gradual one. Its great extent, and still more its stern exclusiveness, wholly forbade the idea of civilization carrying them by storm even to anything like the extent to which this has been done in Japan. This, while it is true to-day, was infinitely more true forty years ago, and nothing but the slow process of sapping, which has gone on unceasingly for the best part of half a century, could have brought to China the prospect which exists to-day of a comparatively rapid and bloodless victory for modern civilization over the stagnation of thousands of years. As yet, indeed, the advanced forces of civilization have scarcely begun to penetrate the country, but they have effected a landing on its shores at various points, and they are already pressing upon its borders in nearly every direction with an insistency which cannot be long denied. There is little beyond this zone of the new influences as yet open to the observation of the visitor to the country; and, after all, it is here that the real interest centres. On the fringe of the empire there can still be seen the scenes and the civilization that are most characteristic, and along with them the first indications of the forces which are destined before very long to render those scenes and that civilization as much things of the past as the monuments of Egypt and Chaldea.

The first, and in some ways the most important, outpost of the advancing forces of civilization is the English colony of Hong-kong. The traveller approaching China from the south, or, indeed, from almost any point but Japan, will get his first introduction to the characteristic scenes and people of the far East at Britain's great island stronghold in the China seas, and in some respects he could not possibly wish for a better introduction. Hong-kong is a small and very hilly island lying just off the mouth of the Canton or Pearl River. It possesses the inestimable advantage of a very fine and easily defensible natural harbor, and from its position it enables a maritime country like England absolutely to command the great waterways of southern China. Such advantages as these could not escape the keen eyes of the class of Englishmen which during the last century and a half has been engaged in building up the vast fabric of Britain's empire in the East, and, as was to have been expected, the very first opportunity was seized to secure and to fortify, in the interests of British trade and supremacy, this gateway of the flowery land. In addition to the more material advantages possessed by Hong-kong, the place is singularly attractive, and, for the locality, singularly healthy. It forms the only European colony on the Chinese coast, and is in many respects an admirable object-lesson in the many advantages that flow from an advanced modern civilization, which can hardly be altogether thrown away upon the myriads of Chinese who frequent its harbor and town for purposes of commerce.

The approach to the harbor of Hong-kong is exceedingly picturesque, and is something in the nature of a surprise. The entrance is narrow, and the ribbonlike strip of deep calm water that winds between the high hills and abrupt headlands covered with the luxuriance of a tropical vegetation discloses glimpse after glimpse of beautiful natural scenery, but, except in the busy crowd of vessels that ply on the water, gives no hint of the crowded centre of commercial activity within. When at last, on turning the innermost bend of the sound—for such it really is—the visitor comes suddenly in sight of the town and harbor of Victoria, it is hard to say whether surprise or admiration is more likely to be the predominant feeling. The town is really unique, combining as it does some of the most marked characteristics of the East and West. Like Algiers and some other of the northern African towns, Victoria, or, as it is generally called in spite of official efforts to the contrary, Hong-kong, rises tier above tier from the waters of the harbor, but, unlike them, the effect is wholly beautiful. The hot glare which takes so much from the peculiar charm of the amphitheatre towns of Africa is entirely absent from Hong-kong, and its villas, rising rank above rank, glisten softly through veils of green, and gleam out from beneath the luxuriant shade of palms and a hundred others of the trees and shrubs with which nature adorns the tropical world.

ANCESTRAL HALL OF THE SHUN FAMILY, CANTON.

The foreground of the picture is, as will be found to be the case with all seaports in the far East, a forest of masts, and behind this may be seen the long open quay, or bund, fronting the water, and backed by the line of business premises, which in the case of Hong-kong are of an unusually lofty and imposing character. The bund is, properly speaking, the only street that can be seen, for although there are visible many lofty buildings rising behind the first line, and suggesting the existence of other busy streets before the ground begins its abrupt ascent, these are so shaded by trees and mixed with masses of densely green foliage that the line of street can hardly be traced until the thoroughfare itself is actually reached. From these the eye is guided upward step by step until at a height of some two thousand feet above the water the lines of glistening buildings and sheltering palms end suddenly in the dense blue of the sky-line. It is here that the stranger in the East sees for the first time the feature which is after all the leading characteristic of every port and city in China—the superabundance of human beings. In the boats that throng the harbor, on the bund that fronts the water, on every street where the European merchants do their business, as well as on those given up to the occupancy of the swarming native population, the picture is alive with throngs of moving, bustling, eager humanity. The ever-moving crowds, the yelling venders of goods, the struggling rickshaw men, chair-carriers, burden-bearers, and beggars, render locomotion no easy matter, and but for the admirable control in which the authorities hold the miscellaneous population, Europeans would probably receive scant courtesy. The great majority of the population are men from Canton, who in

STARTING OUT IN SEDAN CHAIRS FROM THE EUROPEAN QUARTERS IN SHAMEEN TO "DO" CANTON.

their own city would either feel or affect a supreme contempt for the European stranger, but in Hong-kong their attitude is wholly changed. Chinamen know their masters, and it is evident that they recognize that in the men who have learned to deal with the myriads of India they have found them here.

There are certainly two hundred Chinamen to every European in the place, and the military force on the island is not a large one, yet the streets of Hong-kong may well form an object-lesson to the Cantonese who swarm about in an orderly fashion which is a curious contrast to their turbulent behavior in their own city. Quite a considerable percentage of the average population of the city has its permanent residence on board the fleet of small trading-boats which is always to be found in or about the harbor. Whole families spend their lives on board these nondescript little craft, literally from the cradle to the grave, sharing the strictly limited accommodation with the dogs, fowls, goats, and occasionally pigs, that form the live-stock of the family. These people are seldom seen on shore, but lead a strange amphibious existence, being at least as familiar with the water as the dry land, of which they have little experience, except it may be for an hour at sunrise, when many of them accompany their live-stock on shore for exercise.

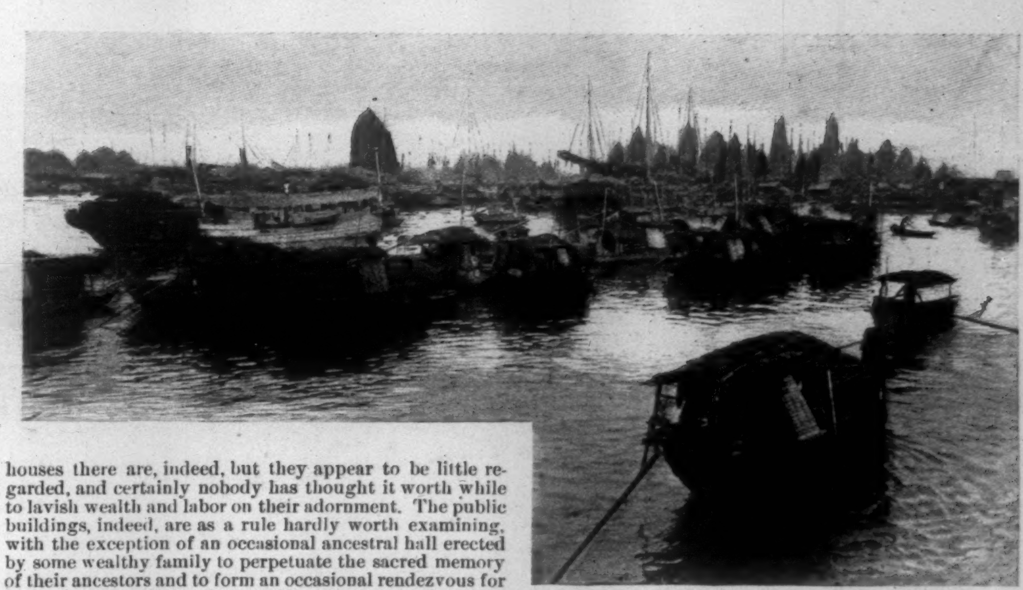
Human labor is at Hong-kong, as everywhere else in China, so plentiful that it forms a serious rival even to such admirably designed and conducted institutions as the cable railway, which scales the steep mountain-side and gives access to the numerous residences dotted over the slopes even to the summit-level. It is here that the rickshaw man has in his turn to yield the palm to the chair-carriers, who will trot up these steep inclines, carrying the heaviest passenger between two of them, apparently as little affected by the heat as by the steepness. The men themselves are fine athletic fellows of powerful physique, a race in all respects superior to the races of northern China, whose comparatively puny build is well mated with a sluggish and unenterprising spirit.

Not content with thus occupying the gateway of the south in the island of Hong-kong, the English colonists have extended their operations to the mainland opposite the island, where already there is growing up a settlement which promises soon to become a large centre of activity. Ship-building is the leading industry of the new settlement,

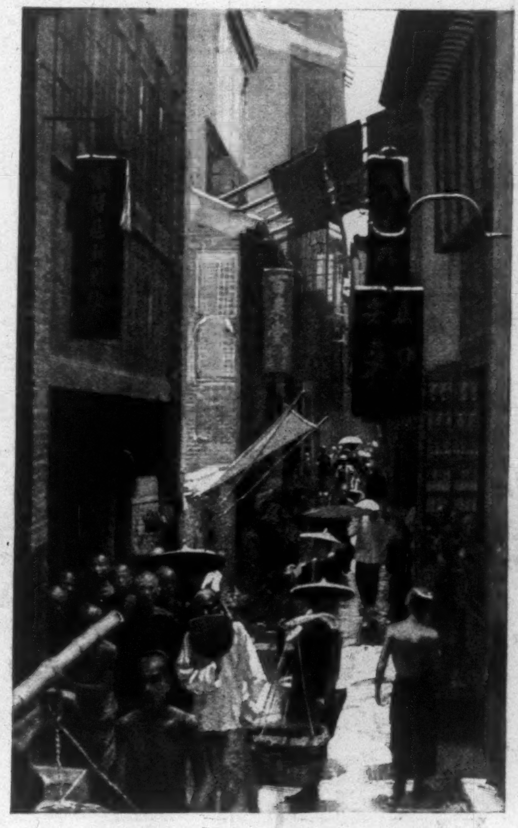
and there are already three large docks in use in which ocean steamers can be docked for repairs. Thus at the very gates of the most valuable and progressive part of the Celestial Empire there is being established a great central depot of sea-borne commerce, only awaiting the inevitable hour when the interior of China shall be thrown open to Western enterprise to supply free communication with the rest of the Old World.

The trip from Hong-kong to Canton is a short one, and possesses all the interest which a first clear glimpse into native China affords the stranger. The city lies on the bank of the river "Peh," or Pearl, at no great distance from its estuary, at the southern point of which lies the city of Macao, while its northern limit is occupied by the island of Hong-kong. The Pearl is a considerable river, though more remarkable for its depth and swift current than for its width; indeed, these two peculiarities form the only serious drawback to its desirability as an important centre of commerce, rendering navigation, even by steam-power, by no means easy or entirely safe. The country on both sides of the river is rich and is cultivated like a garden. The chief product seems to be rice, and the submerged fields absolutely swarm with male and female laborers busily at work, while almost entirely naked, on the irrigated land. Here and there rises a bold rocky promontory or bluff, which in nearly every case has been used as the site of a fortification so elaborate and threatening that, but for the doubts born of late experiences as to the character of their defenders, would present an imposing front to the outer or barbarian world.

The approach to Canton is heralded by the increasing swarms of vessels of every shape, size, and construction,



NATIVE CRAFT MASSED IN FRONT OF CANTON.



TANG-LANG STREET, CANTON.

from the modern ocean steamer to the clumsy and pretentious war-junk, with its antiquated cannons and its childish wealth of dragon standards, and from the clipper-ship down to the most primitive forms of sampan and other types of river craft which have not changed since the days of Confucius. As one draws near the city the crowding and confusion increase to an extent which is bewildering; boats shoot across the bow of the steamer, vessels steer lazily across its course, the air is filled with a shrill discord of sounds that defies all attempts at description from the vast river population that blocks the approach to the city. There are said to be at least a hundred thousand inhabitants on board the river craft that habitually lie off Canton, and although the calculation would be difficult indeed to verify, yet in the presence of its noise and confusion it is not hard to believe. This population is wholly aquatic, and there is no more curious study than that of the family life on the water which abounds on all Chinese rivers, but nowhere is more strikingly in evidence than on the Pearl River at Canton.

When at last the shore is reached the traveller finds himself in the very heart of the commercial activity and native civilization of China. Even Indian cities will hardly have prepared him for his experiences here. The streets are narrower here—generally not more than ten feet wide—and as a rule even more offensive to the eye and nose, while the crowds are greater, far more bustling and energetic, and infinitely less agreeable to the stranger. A contemptuous rudeness is indeed the attitude of the Cantonese resident to all barbarians alike, and this renders it wellnigh impossible to explore the city on foot, as the average width of the available passage through a street, steering clear of the piles of boxes, baskets, and heaps of merchandise that encroach on either side, is certainly not more than five feet. Here the chair-men come to the rescue, and by their assistance it becomes possible to make a slow but entertaining progress through one after another of the winding alleys which form the streets of the commercial metropolis of southern China.

One thing forms a striking contrast between Canton and any one of the cities of India, or even of Burmah and Siam. The architectural wonders of those countries are almost wholly absent here. Temples, pagodas, and joss-houses there are, indeed, but they appear to be little regarded, and certainly nobody has thought it worth while to lavish wealth and labor on their adornment. The public buildings, indeed, are as a rule hardly worth examining, with the exception of an occasional ancestral hall erected by some wealthy family to perpetuate the sacred memory of their ancestors and to form an occasional rendezvous for their representatives. It is said by those who know best that in China there is little that can be called religious faith beyond a highly superstitious regard for the memory of ancestors, and it is not unlikely that this deification of old world Chinamen may have much to do with the long stagnation, both mental and material, of the people.

To judge from the appearance of its inhabitants, Canton is a really prosperous city. It is not only that its population is great, and that in spite of the darkness of its streets and the cavernous aspect of its places of business it is impossible to doubt that its trade is enormous; in addition to these things the appearance of the people proclaims it. Strong, brawny, well-fed men, and fat, comfortable-looking women, abound everywhere in and about Canton; silks and rich clothing are to be seen on every side, and in fact all the evidences of luxury, even to the provision for its vices, meet the stranger at every turn. When the door of the new civilization is once thrown open, no part of the empire will be more quick to take advantage of it than Canton and the rich country of which it forms the centre.

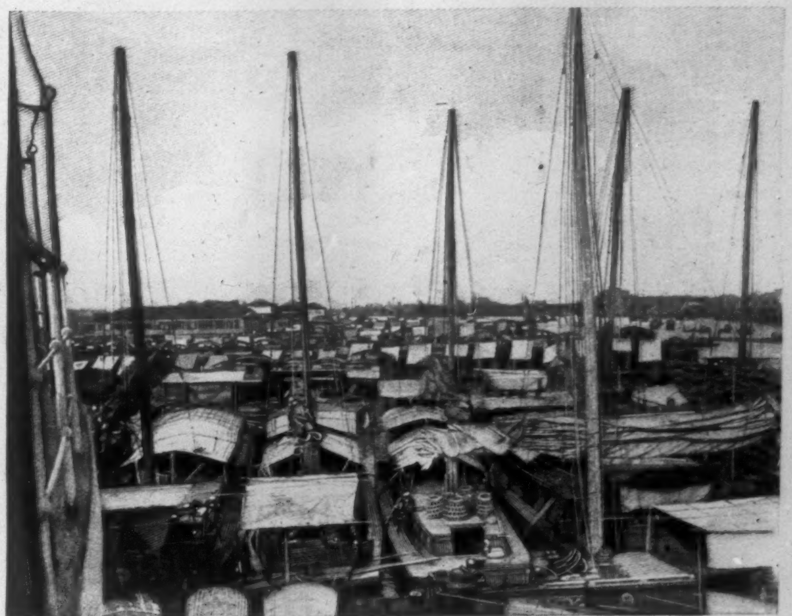
From Hong-kong northwards to Woo-sung or Shanghai is a distance of about eleven hundred miles, and with the exception of the purely Chinese port of Amoy there is no spot between at which the influences of the new civilization can be said to find any door of entrance. Shanghai at its northern limit is one of the treaty ports at which a certain space has been set apart for occupation by the Western strangers free from native molestation. It is, as might be expected, an important centre of commerce, and it was here that the introduction of the first thin end of the wedge of modern ideas in the way of transportation was attempted, some five-and-twenty years ago, by the construction of the little line of railway from the mouth of the Woo-sung to Shanghai. The career of this forerunner of the railways of China was indeed a short one. It was promptly torn up and bundled into the harbor; yet, like most other forerunners of great things, it was not without its share in the introduction of the system which is likely erelong to prove the most powerful of all the agents of the new civilization of the Celestial Empire.

A voyage of four hundred miles northward across the waters of the Yellow Sea brings the traveller to the Shantung promontory, the northeastern point of China. Some twenty miles to the westward, standing guard over the entrance of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, is the great fortified port of Wei-hai-wei, taken by the Japanese army and fleet during the recent war; and twenty-five miles beyond it rises the promontory of Chee-foo, which, as the centre of diplomatic action in the empire, so far at least as the representatives of European nations are concerned, is perhaps the most important if not the most interesting spot in China. It is here that the stranger first realizes the fact that he is in northern China. The place, the people, the crops and vegetation of the country all combine to assure him that there is not very much in common between Chee-foo and Canton. In race, of course, the people are the same, but in most respects, if we except their superstitions and their obstinate clinging to a dead past of worn-out civilization, they are different. The European reservation at Chee-foo is perhaps the most desirable place of residence in the country for those who are compelled to live there for any purposes but those of commerce, and there are not many pleasanter places than the high promontory overlooking the open sea, its sides dotted over with pretty cottages and villas, and made beautiful by gardens and shrubberies, marking the residences of the members of the various diplomatic staffs that represent the nations of Europe in the Celestial Empire. The flags of the various nations indicate the official residences of the ministers, and of these that of Russia, flaunting at the very top of the hill, seems to indicate the attitude of present supremacy and influence which her astute diplomacy at the close of the Japanese war enabled her to assume.

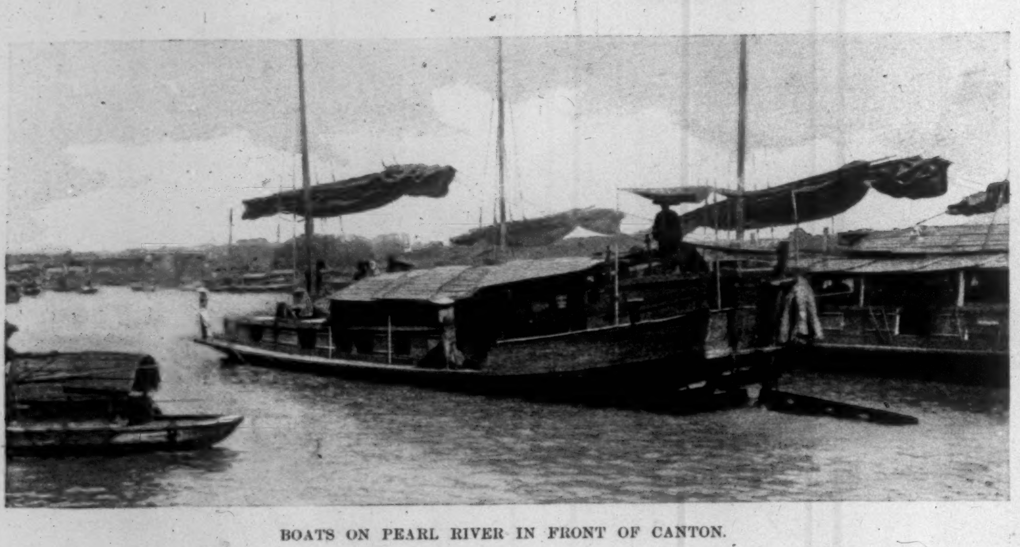
Chee-foo itself is by no means an important commercial centre, and its distance from Peking might at first sight appear to be a reason why diplomatists should have chosen some other place for their headquarters. It is certainly usual for foreign representatives to reside in the capital of the country to which they are accredited, but in China there are reasons for taking a different course, which are easily understood. Among these not the least influential may be the almost unendurable character of Peking itself as a place for the residence of Europeans on sanitary and other grounds, while the well-known deceit and unblushing treachery which reign supreme at the capital render the sacredness of even official despatches by no means a certain thing. At Chee-foo, on the other hand, the foreign ministers have full control of the consular post-office arrangements, and can enjoy an atmosphere more salubrious, both morally and physically, than could be hoped for at the headquarters of the Emperor and his satellites.

Tien-tsin, on the river Pei-ho, is the most important commercial centre of northern China, as it forms the depot for much of the trade of the capital, as well as of a very large and populous district lying between the rivers Pei-ho and Hoen-ho. The entrance of the Pei-ho is at present rendered impracticable for ships of any large size, owing to a sand bar at a distance of nearly twenty miles from its mouth. This obstacle could be easily removed, but hitherto it has been regarded as a providential arrangement for the protection of the sacred capital from the too near approach of the barbarians, whose war-ships cannot cross the bar. An exception to this rule has, however, been made during past winters in the case of American and British gunboats which, being of light draught, have wintered in the ice opposite Tien-tsin, to the great satisfaction of all foreign residents. The city has by no means a good reputation, having once already been the scene of a massacre of the hated foreigners, and its present condition of being overrun by hordes of half-disciplined and generally wholly unpaid soldiery has, during the last few months, rendered the risk of outrage an imminent one. Tien-tsin enjoys a winter's sleep of some three months in each year while the Pei-ho is frozen over, and almost countless sailing craft may during these months be seen dotting the white surface far and near, looking unutterably melancholy in their gray immobility. At this period the city is nearly as stagnant as the river, as nearly the whole of its trade and activity depends upon its great waterway, over which a continual procession of vessels passes by day and night on its way to the terminus of the canal which connects the Pei-ho with the capital.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



RIVER CRAFT IN FRONT OF CANTON, THE PERMANENT HOME OF 100,000 SOULS.



BOATS ON PEARL RIVER IN FRONT OF CANTON.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

CHINA TO-DAY.

Illustrated from Photographs by W. H. Jackson.

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The approach to the harbor of Hong-kong is exceedingly picturesque, and is something in the nature of a surprise. The entrance is narrow, and the ribbonlike strip of deep calm water that winds between the high hills and abrupt headlands covered with the luxuriance of a tropical vegetation discloses glimpse after glimpse of beautiful natural scenery, but, except in the busy crowd of vessels that ply on the water, gives no hint of the crowded centre of commercial activity within. When at last, on turning the innermost bend of the sound—for such it really is—the visitor comes suddenly in sight of the town and harbor of Victoria, it is hard to say whether surprise or admiration is more likely to be the predominant feeling. The town is really unique, combining as it does some of the most marked characteristics of the East and West. Like Algiers and some other of the northern African towns, Victoria, or, as it is generally called in spite of official efforts to the contrary, Hong-kong, rises tier above tier from the waters of the harbor, but, unlike them, the effect is wholly beautiful. The hot glare which takes so much from the peculiar charm of the amphitheatre towns of Africa is entirely absent from Hong-kong, and its villas, rising rank above rank, glisten softly through veils of green, and gleam out from beneath the luxuriant shade of palms and a hundred others of the trees and shrubs with which nature adorns the tropical world.

ANCESTRAL HALL OF THE SHUN FAMILY, CANTON.

The foreground of the picture is, as will be found to be the case with all seaports in the far East, a forest of masts, and behind this may be seen the long open quay, or bund, fronting the water, and backed by the line of business premises, which in the case of Hong-kong are of an unusually lofty and imposing character. The bund is, properly speaking, the only street that can be seen, for although there are visible many lofty buildings rising behind the first line, and suggesting the existence of other busy streets before the ground begins its abrupt ascent, these are so shaded by trees and mixed with masses of densely green foliage that the line of street can hardly be traced until the thoroughfare itself is actually reached. From these the eye is guided upward step by step until at a height of some two thousand feet above the water the lines of glistening buildings and sheltering palms end suddenly in the dense blue of the sky-line. It is here that the stranger in the East sees for the first time the feature which is after all the leading characteristic of every port and city in China—the superabundance of human beings. In the boats that throng the harbor, on the bund that fronts the water, on every street where the European merchants do their business, as well as on those given up to the occupancy of the swarming native population, the picture is alive with throngs of moving, bustling, eager humanity. The ever-moving crowds, the yelling venders of goods, the struggling rickshaw men, chair-carriers, burden-bearers, and beggars, render locomotion no easy matter, and but for the admirable control in which the authorities hold the miscellaneous population, Europeans would probably receive scant courtesy. The great majority of the population are men from Canton, who in their own city would either feel or affect a supreme contempt for the European stranger, but in Hong-kong their attitude is wholly changed. Chinamen know their masters, and it is evident that they recognize that in the men who have learned to deal with the myriads of India they have found them here.

STARTING OUT IN SEDAN CHAIRS FROM THE EUROPEAN QUARTERS IN SHAMEEN TO "DO" CANTON.

There are certainly two hundred Chinamen to every European in the place, and the military force on the island is not a large one, yet the streets of Hong-kong may well form an object-lesson to the Cantonese who swarm about in an orderly fashion which is a curious contrast to their turbulent behavior in their own city. Quite a considerable percentage of the average population of the city has its permanent residence on board the fleet of small trading-boats which is always to be found in or about the harbor. Whole families spend their lives on board these nondescript little craft, literally from the cradle to the grave, sharing the strictly limited accommodation with the dogs, fowls, goats, and occasionally pigs, that form the live-stock of the family. These people are seldom seen on shore, but lead a strange amphibious existence, being at least as familiar with the water as the dry land, of which they have little experience, except it may be for an hour at sunrise, when many of them accompany their live-stock on shore for exercise.

Human labor is at Hong-kong, as everywhere else in China, so plentiful that it forms a serious rival even to such admirably designed and conducted institutions as the cable railway, which scales the steep mountain-side and gives access to the numerous residences dotted over the slopes even to the summit-level. It is here that the rickshaw man has in his turn to yield the palm to the chair-carriers, who will trot up these steep inclines, carrying the heaviest passenger between two of them, apparently as little affected by the heat as by the steepness. The men themselves are fine athletic fellows of powerful physique, a race in all respects superior to the races of northern China, whose comparatively puny build is well mated with a sluggish and unenterprising spirit.

Not content with thus occupying the gateway of the south in the island of Hong-kong, the English colonists have extended their operations to the mainland opposite the island, where already there is growing up a settlement which promises soon to become a large centre of activity. Ship-building is the leading industry of the new settlement,

and there are already three large docks in use in which ocean steamers can be docked for repairs. Thus at the very gates of the most valuable and progressive part of the Celestial Empire there is being established a great central depot of sea-borne commerce, only awaiting the inevitable hour when the interior of China shall be thrown open to Western enterprise to supply free communication with the rest of the Old World.

The trip from Hong-kong to Canton is a short one, and possesses all the interest which a first clear glimpse into native China affords the stranger. The city lies on the bank of the river "Peh," or Pearl, at no great distance from its estuary, at the southern point of which lies the city of Macao, while its northern limit is occupied by the island of Hong-kong. The Pearl is a considerable river, though more remarkable for its depth and swift current than for its width; indeed, these two peculiarities form the only serious drawback to its desirability as an important centre of commerce, rendering navigation, even by steam-power, by no means easy or entirely safe. The country on both sides of the river is rich and is cultivated like a garden. The chief product seems to be rice, and the submerged fields absolutely swarm with male and female laborers busily at work, while almost entirely naked, on the irrigated land. Here and there rises a bold rocky promontory or bluff, which in nearly every case has been used as the site of a fortification so elaborate and threatening that, but for the doubts born of late experiences as to the character of their defenders, would present an imposing front to the outer or barbarian world.

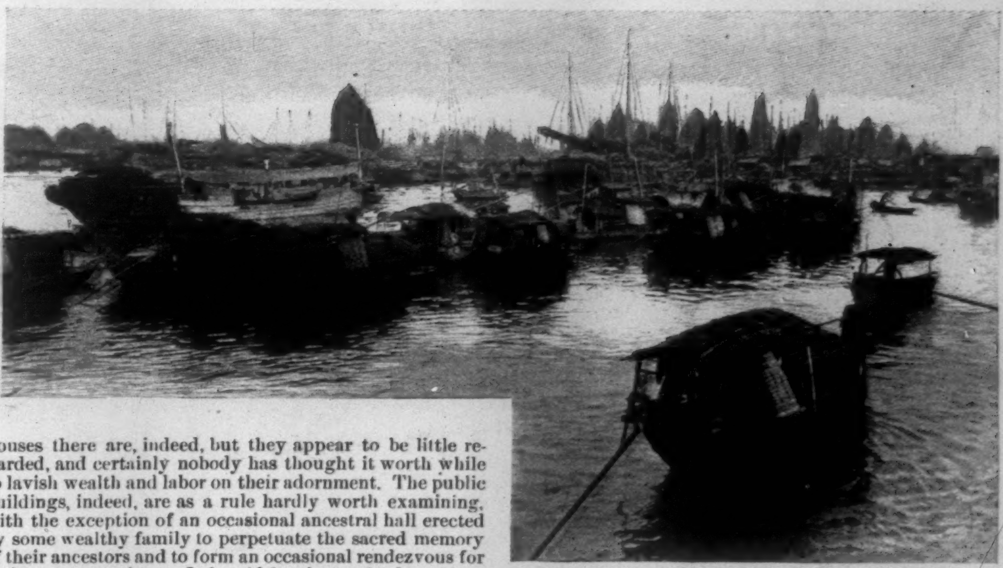
The approach to Canton is heralded by the increasing swarms of vessels of every shape, size, and construction,

TANG-LANG STREET, CANTON.

from the modern ocean steamer to the clumsy and pretentious war-junk, with its antiquated cannons and its childish wealth of dragon standards, and from the clipper-ship down to the most primitive forms of sampan and other types of river craft which have not changed since the days of Confucius. As one draws near the city the crowding and confusion increase to an extent which is bewildering; boats shoot across the bow of the steamer, vessels steer lazily across its course, the air is filled with a shrill discord of sounds that defies all attempts at description from the vast river population that blocks the approach to the city. There are said to be at least a hundred thousand inhabitants on board the river craft that habitually lie off Canton, and although the calculation would be difficult indeed to verify, yet in the presence of its noise and confusion it is not hard to believe. This population is wholly aquatic, and there is no more curious study than that of the family life on the water which abounds on all Chinese rivers, but nowhere is more strikingly in evidence than on the Pearl River at Canton.

When at last the shore is reached the traveller finds himself in the very heart of the commercial activity and native civilization of China. Even Indian cities will hardly have prepared him for his experiences here. The streets are narrower here—generally not more than ten feet wide—and as a rule even more offensive to the eye and nose, while the crowds are greater, far more bustling and energetic, and infinitely less agreeable to the stranger. A contemptuous rudeness is indeed the attitude of the Cantonese resident to all barbarians alike, and this renders it wellnigh impossible to explore the city on foot, as the average width of the available passage through a street, steering clear of the piles of boxes, baskets, and heaps of merchandise that encroach on either side, is certainly not more than five feet. Here the chair-men come to the rescue, and by their assistance it becomes possible to make a slow but entertaining progress through one after another of the winding alleys which form the streets of the commercial metropolis of southern China.

One thing forms a striking contrast between Canton and any one of the cities of India, or even of Burmah and Siam. The architectural wonders of those countries are almost wholly absent here. Temples, pagodas, and joss-houses there are, indeed, but they appear to be little regarded, and certainly nobody has thought it worth while to lavish wealth and labor on their adornment. The public buildings, indeed, are as a rule hardly worth examining, with the exception of an occasional ancestral hall erected by some wealthy family to perpetuate the sacred memory of their ancestors and to form an occasional rendezvous for their representatives. It is said by those who know best that in China there is little that can be called religious faith beyond a highly superstitious regard for the memory of ancestors, and it is not unlikely that this deification of old world Chinamen may have much to do with the long stagnation, both mental and material, of the people.



NATIVE CRAFT MASSED IN FRONT OF CANTON.

To judge from the appearance of its inhabitants, Canton is a really prosperous city. It is not only that its population is great, and that in spite of the darkness of its streets and the cavernous aspect of its places of business it is impossible to doubt that its trade is enormous; in addition to these things the appearance of the people proclaims it. Strong, brawny, well-fed men, and fat, comfortable-looking women, abound everywhere in and about Canton; silks and rich clothing are to be seen on every side, and in fact all the evidences of luxury, even to the provision for its vices, meet the stranger at every turn. When the door of the new civilization is once thrown open, no part of the empire will be more quick to take advantage of it than Canton and the rich country of which it forms the centre.

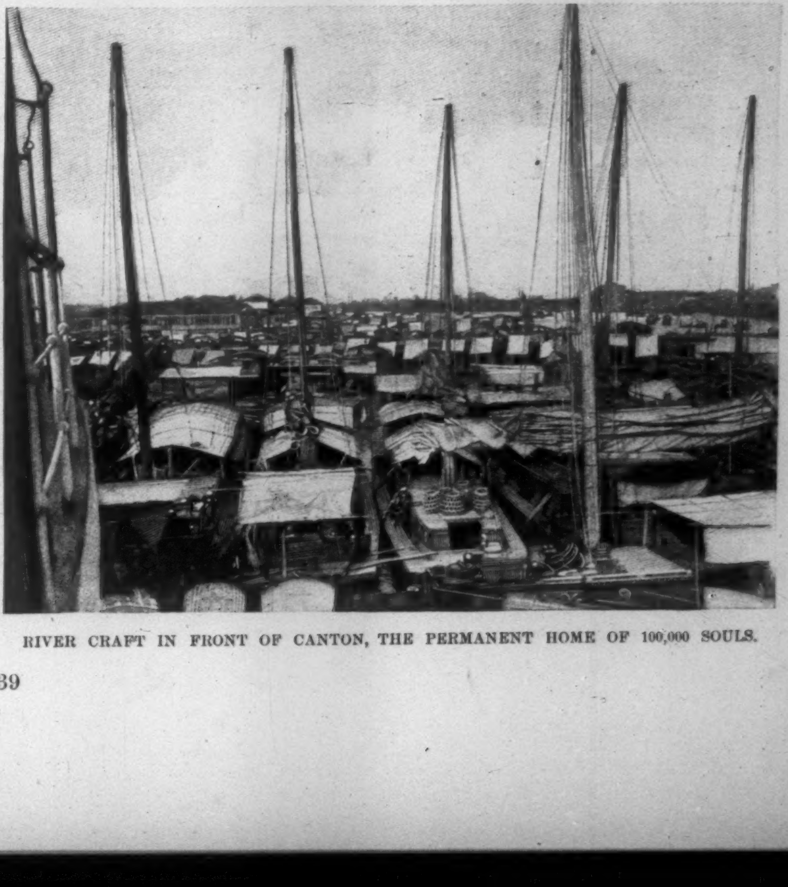
From Hong-kong northwards to Woo-sung or Shanghai is a distance of about eleven hundred miles, and with the exception of the purely Chinese port of Amoy there is no spot between at which the influences of the new civilization can be said to find any door of entrance. Shanghai at its northern limit is one of the treaty ports at which a certain space has been set apart for occupation by the Western strangers free from native molestation. It is, as might be expected, an important centre of commerce, and it was here that the introduction of the first thin end of the wedge of modern ideas in the way of transportation was attempted, some five-and-twenty years ago, by the construction of the little line of railway from the mouth of the Woo-sung to Shanghai. The career of this forerunner of the railways of China was indeed a short one. It was promptly torn up and bundled into the harbor; yet, like most other forerunners of great things, it was not without its share in the introduction of the system which is likely erelong to prove the most powerful of all the agents of the new civilization of the Celestial Empire.

A voyage of four hundred miles northward across the waters of the Yellow Sea brings the traveller to the Shantung promontory, the northeastern point of China. Some twenty miles to the westward, standing guard over the entrance of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, is the great fortified port of Wei-hai-wei, taken by the Japanese army and fleet during the recent war; and twenty-five miles beyond it rises the promontory of Chee-foo, which, as the centre of diplomatic action in the empire, so far at least as the representatives of European nations are concerned, is perhaps the most important if not the most interesting spot in China. It is here that the stranger first realizes the fact that he is in northern China. The place, the people, the crops and vegetation of the country all combine to assure him that there is not very much in common between Chee-foo and Canton. In race, of course, the people are the same, but in most respects, if we except their superstitions and their obstinate clinging to a dead past of worn-out civilization, they are different. The European reservation at Chee-foo is perhaps the most desirable place of residence in the country for those who are compelled to live there for any purposes but those of commerce, and there are not many pleasanter places than the high promontory overlooking the open sea, its sides dotted over with pretty cottages and villas, and made beautiful by gardens and shrubberies, marking the residences of the members of the various diplomatic staffs that represent the nations of Europe in the Celestial Empire. The flags of the various nations indicate the official residences of the ministers, and of these that of Russia, flaunting at the very top of the hill, seems to indicate the attitude of present supremacy and influence which her astute diplomacy at the close of the Japanese war enabled her to assume.

Chee-foo itself is by no means an important commercial centre, and its distance from Peking might at first sight appear to be a reason why diplomatists should have chosen some other place for their headquarters. It is certainly usual for foreign representatives to reside in the capital of the country to which they are accredited, but in China there are reasons for taking a different course, which are easily understood. Among these not the least influential may be the almost unendurable character of Peking itself as a place for the residence of Europeans on sanitary and other grounds, while the well-known deceit and unblushing treachery which reign supreme at the capital render the sacredness of even official despatches by no means a certain thing. At Chee-foo, on the other hand, the foreign ministers have full control of the consular post-office arrangements, and can enjoy an atmosphere more salubrious, both morally and physically, than could be hoped for at the headquarters of the Emperor and his satellites.

Tien-tsin, on the river Pei-ho, is the most important commercial centre of northern China, as it forms the depot for much of the trade of the capital, as well as of a very large and populous district lying between the rivers Pei-ho and Hoen-ho. The entrance of the Pei-ho is at present rendered impracticable for ships of any large size, owing to a sand bar at a distance of nearly twenty miles from its mouth. This obstacle could be easily removed, but hitherto it has been regarded as a providential arrangement for the protection of the sacred capital from the too near approach of the barbarians, whose war-ships cannot cross the bar. An exception to this rule has, however, been made during past winters in the case of American and British gunboats which, being of light draught, have wintered in the ice opposite Tien-tsin, to the great satisfaction of all foreign residents. The city has by no means a good reputation, having once already been the scene of a massacre of the hated foreigners, and its present condition of being overrun by hordes of half-disciplined and generally wholly unpaid soldiery has, during the last few months, rendered the risk of outrage an imminent one. Tien-tsin enjoys a winter's sleep of some three months in each year while the Pei-ho is frozen over, and almost countless sailing craft may during these months be seen dotting the white surface far and near, looking unutterably melancholy in their gray immobility. At this period the city is nearly as stagnant as the river, as nearly the whole of its trade and activity depends upon its great waterway, over which a continual procession of vessels passes by day and night on its way to the terminus of the canal which connects the Pei-ho with the capital.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



RIVER CRAFT IN FRONT OF CANTON, THE PERMANENT HOME OF 100,000 SOULS.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY AT APPOMATTOX AFTER GENERAL LE

LEE'S SURRENDER, APRIL 9, 1865.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 542.]

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY AT APPOMATTOX.

BY COLONEL ARCHIBALD HOPKINS.

It was a very tired but still a very buoyant and hopeful army that bivouacked on the night of the 8th of April, 1865, near Appomattox Court House. Since the works had been carried at Petersburg, the march had begun every day before four o'clock in the morning, and though halts were short and infrequent, the long lines had kept well closed up, as even the bummers and stragglers felt the race could not last a great while, and wanted to share in the *éclat* and excitement of the finish. Lee, too, and his men, realized what was coming. At Farmville, on the 7th, where we captured a lot of wagons and prisoners, I fell into conversation with a Confederate colonel, whose first question was, "Well, what are you going to do with us? Banish all of us officers, I suppose"—which indicated what they expected. He then said: "Where is Sheridan? I want to see Sheridan." "Why do you want to see him particularly?" I asked. "Well," he said, "Sheridan must be the devil. We left Richmond with plenty of rations, but he has not let us stop long enough, day or night, to issue them." It was true, and to Sheridan's grasp of the situation, masterly generalship, and unfailing habit of pushing every advantage to the utmost, was due the fact that Lee's army was at last surrounded. All day on the 8th there had been rumors of an approaching surrender, but we had not really expected the end without a final struggle. On the morning of the 9th the Third Brigade of the First Division was in the advance of the Sixth Corps, and my regiment was leading the brigade. As we swung into the road in the early dawn, there was apparent a feeling of intense expectancy, and the general impression was that there was fighting ahead. I heard a sergeant of the right company say, "Boys, these old Spencers will be pumping shot inside of an hour." But he was mistaken; they had been fired at an enemy for the last time, three days before, at Sailors Creek. We had advanced but a little way, when a group of mounted officers in gray came in sight with a white flag in their midst. It was said to be General Lee with his staff, and we were halted, and lay down on the grass by the road-side. There we spent most of the day, hopeful that there would be no more fighting, but ready to fall in at a word. About four o'clock, General Meade, pale, erect, soldierly, came in from the front at a gallop, surrounded by a brilliant staff cheering and swinging their hats, and we knew it was settled. In an instant every man was on his feet, yelling with a wild enthusiasm that only such a situation could evoke.

On Meade went down the lines of the Sixth and Second Corps, a great roar of shouting breaking out and hats flying in air as he passed. Then the men of the different divisions lost all organization for a time, mingling together, shaking hands and rejoicing. Before long we learned the terms of the surrender, familiar to all the world, and the most magnanimous ever granted to a beaten army. While there was a general feeling of approval among the troops, and we were glad Grant had given the men their horses to help put in a crop, there began to be widespread and anxious inquiry as to when the real surrender, as we regarded it, was to take place, the captured army paraded, and arms laid down in our presence. We had passed long years of privation and fighting, and we wanted to see the fruits of our efforts. When we heard that we were to be faced about, with Lee's army only half a-mile away, and marched to the rear without having so much as a glimpse of it, we were bitterly disappointed. All history was invoked for another such instance, and there was loud and general murmuring among officers and men. It was most wonderful that Grant should at such a time have been so wise, and strong enough to resist what he knew was the eager desire of his army. Nothing he ever did more signally exhibited his real greatness. He felt at once that we were all Americans, with one destiny, and in the hour of exultation and triumph shielded those who had been misguided and defeated from even the mortification of being looked at by their conquerors. One corps, however, was left to carry out the details of the surrender, to give out the paroles, and to superintend the issuing of the rations which Grant had generously ordered for the prisoners. As the wagons, laden with hard-tack and other necessary supplies, drove into the midst of the ten thousand, which were all that remained of Lee's brave and hardy veterans, they were greeted with hearty cheers, and soon many of our men from the corps left on duty mingled with the tattered graycoats, and there were evidences of good feeling, and of the beginning of the complete fraternization which has come, without which the war would have been fought in vain. Officers who had known each other at West Point or in service before the civil war exchanged kindly greetings, many a Yankee haversack was lightened for the hungry "Johnnies," and groups of stalwart bluecoats passed back and forth, chatting and laughing with their recent enemies.

Numerous little fires were kindled, and over the coffee, which Lee's men had not tasted in years, battles were fought over again, campaigns discussed, questions asked and answered as to the location of different commands at different times, and thrilling tales of personal adventure recounted. Then, with friendly good-byes and cordial good wishes, each with his three days' rations, the valiant remnant of Lee's immortal army melted away like a gray cloud, breaking into smaller and smaller fragments, till it disappeared, and left only the serene sky of peace, bending once again over a country reunited and redeemed.

> "Our 'foeman, worthy of our steel,'
> Fought bravely to the last,
> But now we feel one common weal,
> Our enmity is past.
> Beneath our banners' sheltering folds
> We've shaken hands like men—
> One purpose moulds, one country holds,
> We're brothers once again."

The flowers that blossom and the birds that sing over hundreds of unknown graves in the valleys and forests of Virginia to-day are for blue and gray alike, and as each year passes, more and more of the bitterness of the struggle passes away with it, mutual respect and good feeling increase, and the realization has grown to be wellnigh universal on both sides that it was all for the best. Nothing can detract more from the final victory of the North than to belittle the courage and power of resistance, which required its utmost exertions to overcome them, nor can we so effectually dim the fame of our leaders as by denying the ability of their opponents. All were Americans, and as Americans we are proud of them all, and know that if our country is ever menaced the same heroic qualities manifested then will animate the men of both North and South to rise up as one for her defence.

Year by year, as new life and beauty spring from the earth that hides the mouldering dust of those who fell, we do well to scatter flowers upon their graves and to tell our children of their valorous deeds.

THE SENATORIAL INVESTIGATION OF PHILADELPHIA.

This article might appropriately be given a sub-title, to read somewhat as follows: "A Chapter in the Career of Senator Quay as a Reformer," as the investigation with which it has to deal had its birth on the same day that he was "born again" to a new life (as a reformer), if we may borrow a theological phrase to describe such an event. For although the Municipal League petitioned the Pennsylvania Legislature in January, 1895, for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the serious charges preferred against Philadelphia's municipal administration, no attention was paid to its request until Mr. Quay, seeing the error of his ways, repented him, and forthwith proceeded "to bring forth fruit meet for repentance." By this time the Citizens' Association had become interested in the matter, and subsequently, through the great friendship of its president for Quay, and his belief in the latter's conversion, agreed to stand sponsor and treasurer for the committee, and to superintend its work of delving into the iniquities of Philadelphia's politics. When Quay gave the word, the petitions were granted, and a committee composed of seven Quay men, all tried and true, was appointed.

The committee did not proceed at once with its work, but manifested enough activity for several months after its creation to keep its factional opponents guessing; for just after the adjournment of the Legislature a fierce factional fight broke out in the Republican ranks, Quay and his friends being on one side, and the State and city administrations on the other. Nothing was done, however, by the committee during the pendency of this fight, although rumors were abundant that it was always about to begin work, and to unearth the frightful corruption which had grown up in Philadelphia under Martin and Porter! The first meeting for the taking of testimony was held on November 12 last, when Angelo T. Freedley, Esq., counsel for the committee, made his opening address, referring to the great increase in the cost of running the departments since 1886, from $14,639,759 to $32,390,333 in 1894, quoting the figures already given in the Weekly. The first witness was the Citizens' Association's agent, who testified that the violation of street-paving contracts had cost the city not less than $140,000 per annum for ten years at least; that there was no attempt to enforce the ordinances against the street railways; that time and again complaints against contractors for non-compliance with specifications had been ignored or pigeon-holed; that city work had been improperly done, and that a less number of men had been employed than the contracts called for; that poor stone and other material had been furnished to the city, although the highest prices were paid; and so on through the whole story of favored contractors, and the non-compliance with contracts, and the non-performance of duties by public officials. All of his testimony was amply confirmed by the evidence of other witnesses, one of whom testified that he had observed the execution of a certain contract for cleaning streets before and after the investigation had been commenced. Prior to the committee's sessions from thirty-three to fifty per cent. of the number of men required by the terms of the contract was employed, while after, all the terms were strictly complied with. The testimony of one Terence P. Smart, a contractor, furnished a commentary on the methods that had been in vogue in the Department of Public Works. He testified that his bid for building a certain sewer was $10,000 below that of the Vulcanite Paving Company (which has had millions of dollars' worth of city contracts during the past five or six years, and in which Senator Charles A. Porter, one of the most influential local politicians, is believed to be a heavy stockholder), but the contract was awarded to it. As he (Smart) threatened to make a fuss about the matter, he was given the work to do by Dr. Filbert, the head of the Vulcanite Company, at the prices he had bid for the work, and the company kept the difference—to wit, $10,000.

One of the most interesting branches of the investigation was that dealing with the electric-light companies controlling a monopoly of electric lighting in Philadelphia. Arthur H. Lea was the principal witness. His testimony was clear and directly to the point. He showed how the companies parcelled out the city among themselves, and refused to bid in each other's territory; also, that the leading politicians were heavily interested in these companies, serving as officials and directors, some, like Messrs. Porter and Martin, appearing on the boards of three or four companies. Mr. Lea, who had given careful attention to the whole subject of municipal lighting, proved conclusively that Philadelphia was paying more by far for its electric lights than any other city in the country. The average cost per annum for a 2000 candle-power lamp in Philadelphia was $159 68; in St. Louis, $75; in Scranton, $91; in Williamsport, $80; and so on through a long list of cities. President William D. Marks, of the Edison Company (which was not then in the combination or trust, and did only private lighting), said he would be glad to take a contract to supply the city with lights at $109 a lamp per annum, but that his company, under the terms of its ordinance, could do no arc lighting, being confined to incandescent lighting—a condition imposed by Councils to prevent the Edison Company from competing for public lighting. President Marks further testified that his company could not secure from Councils permission to lay conduits, and had to lease those of the Penn Electric Company, a concern with less than $10,000 of its capital paid in, and which received $13,000 a year rental for its "rotten wooden boxes." Why a responsible company like the Edison could not secure legitimate privileges when it offered to pay liberally for them, and why the Penn Company, about which little is known, and which has promised nothing to the city, can, has not been explained.

At this point Mr. Freedley rested his case, and gave way to his colleague, Silas W. Pettit, Esq., who took up the Police Department. In his opening address he stated that the police not only ignored crime, but protected it; that gambling-houses, policy-shops, houses of ill fame, and illicit saloons existed by and with the consent and connivance of the police. Witnesses were called who testified that speak-easies and houses of ill fame existed in every ward, and that no attempt was made to suppress them. D. C. Gibbony, of the Law and Order Society, said that the strongest backing of the dives came from police sergeants and patrolmen. Rev. Dr. H. O. Gibbons gave evidence that a conscientious patrolman who endeavored to do his duty was first disciplined, then discharged for a trivial offence, because he persisted in doing his duty without regard to political "pulls" and influence.

The police in politics proved a fruitful and interesting line of investigation. The following bit of examination will give an idea of how the police are used for political purposes by politicians:

Abram Gash, while on the stand, said Lieutenant Nichols had said that he had been ordered by Mart Slack not to let Gash go to a certain convention. Senator McCarrell asked, "Is Mr. Slack connected with the Police Department?"

"No, sir."

"Is he Director of Public Safety?"

"No, sir."

"What is his official position?"

"He hasn't got any that I know of."

"Well, by what authority does he give orders to the police?"

"Oh, he's called the leader down there. He gives orders."

"What's his business, then?"

"Oh, he is just a leader. Only a ward boss. Every one down there goes to him for orders."

"From the lieutenant of police down?"

"Yes, sir."

Considerable evidence as to the brutality of the police and their levy of tribute on unfortunate women was adduced, and an unfortunate state of affairs revealed. Witnesses testified to derelictions of duty on the part of "combine" men that were overlooked, while trivial offences of "anti-combine" men met with speedy and severe punishment.

Thus far nothing has been brought to light that was not well known to all who had been working for municipal betterment; but the testimony has been grouped, sworn to, and given widespread publicity, all of which is of substantial advantage to the cause of good government. And it is all in a form to be submitted to the Legislature for such action as it may deem advisable to take to prevent a recurrence of the ills complained of, provided Mr. Quay's reform impulse lasts that long; although the hope is indulged that it will not be used to start a tinkering with the Bullitt bill, which, on the whole, has worked well, although experience has demonstrated that it needs revision in certain directions, and the investigation has shown that some of its parts need strengthening, and there is no doubt but that its civil service provisions need a very considerable overhauling. If the work needed in these directions can be accomplished without imperilling the good features, all will be well; otherwise the results will be decidedly bad.

Just at present the committee is taking a recess, made necessary, it is alleged, by the professional engagements of the counsel. Some, however, are uncharitable enough to suggest, as Quay's purposes in connection with the primaries have been accomplished, and he is desirous of leading a united delegation at St. Louis, that little will be heard of the committee until just before the next Legislature meets, when it will meet to adopt a report. One chapter of its history is certainly closed, and I am convinced that nothing more will be heard of the committee for a long time to come, if ever again. Since Mr. Quay's negotiation with State Senator Flinn for the sale and delivery of Allegheny County to the former, there has been a growing distrust of his continued fidelity to reform, although *his* State convention at Harrisburg has endorsed certain so-called reform measures. There is a good deal of ante-election promise about these, and little prospect of post-election fulfilment.

While the investigation has done some good, it has not by any means accomplished all that was possible, because it has left absolutely untouched any of the matters with which Mr. Quay, his friends, or the big corporations were identified, and has confined itself solely to those things with which his factional enemies were concerned.

C. R. W.

RAILROAD WHIST.

The attitude taken by the Lackawanna Company last winter against card-playing on its trains occasioned a vast deal of comment, approbation, and remonstrance, but the true inwardness of the motive behind the action is still a matter of conjecture. The generally accepted explanation is that the whist-players had made themselves disliked through their habit of monopolizing seats in the smoking-car to the exclusion of their fellow-passengers, who may properly be said to have had a standing grievance against the offenders. It is true that a quartet of whist-players occupy no more actual room than four ordinary commuters laden down with the customary assortment of fresh fish and miscellaneous groceries, but the contention is that the great principle of first come first served was violated in the fact that the card-players were accustomed to have their seats reserved for them through the mercenary offices of the baggage-master or brakeman.

Undoubtedly the arrogant selfishness of the railroad whist-player was largely instrumental in bringing about his present humiliation; but may not the real reason have been the debasing and immoral (in the whist sense) character of the game he plays?

It is notorious that railroad whist is invariably learned by ear and played by main strength, and although its devotees aver that in its weakening effects upon the mind it is not to be compared to the habitual perusal of the evening newspapers, yet the fact remains that in its present form it has become an intolerable nuisance to the rest of the world.

Comment upon the use of "singletons," "double ruffs," and false cards (the principle being that you thereby deceive two enemies and only one friend) is perhaps unnecessary; while so far as a revoke is concerned, it is gen-

erally agreed that the disgrace lies in being caught. In railroad whist, or "whiz," as it might more properly be called, it is a cardinal axiom to play as rapidly as possible, and thereby to cover up occasional mistakes. Add to this the habit of mixing up the tricks, and it will readily be seen that the establishment of a revoke is a matter of opinion rather than of fact, and admits of being argued at great length. But all this is small beer compared with the railroad trump signal.

It may be premised that the call for trumps in railroad whist amounts to a disease, to paraphrase Mr. W. S. Gilbert. There are well-authenticated cases on record where four simultaneous calls for trumps have been made without in any way affecting the conduct of the game, each player being too much occupied in completing his own signal to pay any attention to what the others were doing. Happily such contretemps are rare even on the South Orange locals, as the modern and favorite mode of signalling is to place a card upon the board with a well-defined thump, the loudness of which is supposed to indicate the urgency of the case. As at Waterloo, it is who shall pound the hardest. Given a smoking-car with six games of whist in progress, and the "thump" signal, as it has been felicitously named, becomes a perpetual source of annoyance and alarm to timid people and nervous old gentlemen. Bang! and the splinters fly from the whist board, while the windows rattle ominously. Being an old commuter, you realize that it is only Robinson asking for a trump lead, but for one awful instant there was the possibility of the block system having failed to work.

At present the rule against card games has been so far relaxed that the players have been allowed to provide themselves with oblong pieces of canvas, which may be strapped to the arms of the seat, so as to present a playing surface. But the spirit, the life, the science of the game has necessarily departed. It is evident that the "thump" signal is not effective in the absence of a wooden sounding-board, and the whole theory of the railroad game is consequently in need of reconstruction. In the mean time the other passengers doze undisturbed over their papers, and "all's quiet along the Passaic."

EXTRACTS FROM "EVERYBODY'S CAMPAIGN SONG-BOOK."

AFTER EMINENT MODELS.

EDITED BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE SONG OF THE SILVER MEN.

AFTER BRYANT.

OUR band is few, but blue and tried,
Our leaders all are bold.
The Gold-bug voters tremble
When great Teller's name is told.
Our fortress is the Senate hall,
Our tent the silver mine;
We know the swamps that 'bout us lie
As sailors know the brine.
We know their deadly fungus growth,
And yet we love them well
For fungus-grown cheap dollars
Are the things we've got to sell.

Woe to our English creditors
That little dread us near;
When comes the day of reckoning
They'll shrink with awful fear;
When, sending o'er their mortgages,
With interest up to date,
They find we're going to pay 'em off
In "sterling silver" plate.
And if they do not like it well,
May even further fall,
For we're the folks that owe the cash,
And may not pay at all.

Grave men there are in Washington,
Grave men with tangled hair,
Whose minds resemble Peffer's beard,
And for silver they declare.
And lovely candidates do now,
Hold out glad hands to us,
Because they know we're in a place
Where we can raise a fuss.
For him we'll raise our banners high
Who'll join us in our roar
To drive the "honest dollar"—bah!
Forever from our shore.

Come, all ye men who nothing have,
Come, bandits, thieves who sneak,
Come join our noble bandit-ti
And let the Eagle shriek;
Ope wide, ye prison doors, and send
Your twittering jailbirds forth.
Come, all ye shovers of the queer
From East, West, South, and North,
Come fight the Gold-bugs in their den;
Join in our cause immense
To make the poor man's dollar
Out of forty-seven cents.

THE BOOM THAT ONCE THROUGH TOM REED'S HALLS.

AFTER MOORE.

THE boom that once through Tom Reed's halls
The souls of voters led,
Now hangs as mute on Tom Reed's walls
As any feather bed.
So sleeps the boom of former days,
So beautiful of yore,
That all that's left his hopes to raise
Is now and then a snore.

No more to chiefs and bosses bright
The boom of Tom Reed swells;
The snore alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
You'd almost think that it were dead,
Had breathed its last indeed,
Were't not for some poor hay-crowned head
That still doth cry for "Reed."

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE MOOT HILL OF GIRVAN.

AS may well be imagined, two hundred gentlemen with their retinue made a gallant stir, and required almost the providing of an army. So that as we went southward the people were warned to repair to the Court of the Bailzie of Carrick. For that of Earl John was the greatest of the Lowland hereditary jurisdictions—though Cassillis was never beloved of the people, nor yet so careful of their rights as the Agnews of Lochnaw, who from very ancient times had been Sheriffs of Galloway.

Nevertheless, it was a right solemn gathering which assembled on the little hill outside the town of Girvan, where such feudal courts had always been held. Within the enclosure, drawn by the fluttering blue and gold pennons of the Earl, there was set a high seat for Cassillis himself. In front of him, at a draped table, sat his adviser and assessor, the Lawyer Boyd of Denkill. While all round the gentlemen of his house and name sat or stood, according to their degree, but outside the line of pennons, within which none might come save the accused and they who gave their evidence.

The trumpeter, from the summit of the Moot Hill of Girvan, made proclamation with three blasts of his trumpet that the session was open, and that all men's causes were to be brought to the probation.

First there were sundry usual complaints of stouthreif and oppression, for the country was yet very unsettled. A woman cried for vengeance on Thomas of Drummurchie, called the Wolf, for the carrying off of her daughter. But as she was already ten times attainted, it seemed that little would come of it.

But Robert Harburgh strode forward and cried out: "By your leave, Earl of Cassillis. The Wolf of Drummurchie will carry off no more tender lambs, neither mell with other men's wives any more. The ladies of Ayr shall no more draw their purses to rescue him, neither to provide him with gear. For he has gone to a country where he shall be keeped bien and warm, beiking forever fornent the hottest fires of Satan, his master here below."

And with that he threw the arms and accoutrement of the Wolf on the green with prodigious clatterment.

"But this," said the Earl John, "though greatly creditable to our squire, and of excellent omen for the peace of Carrick from this day forth, gives not this poor woman again her daughter."

For he did not wish to assign any reward to Robert Harburgh besides the lands which had already been given him, perhaps desiring to retain so valiant a sworder near to his own person and estate.

"I have been to the House of Drummurchie," replied Robert Harburgh, in the same manner of exceeding quiet, "and there have I set all things in order, sending every man's daughter to her father's house and every man's wife to his keeping."

"Keeping none for yourself!" cried Earl John, for daffing's sake. For that was his idea of a jest.

"Whatever my desires, I have a wife that sees to that, even as hath my Lord Earl!" quoth Robert Harburgh.

And so the laugh was turned against Earl John, because all knew how carefully the ancient Countess kept the valleys about Cassillis and the Inch clear of too buxom dames and over-complacent maids. For, in his youth, Earl John had the name of being amorous.

Yet, strange to say, the jest broken at his expense put the Earl into a good key. For it was only the expense of money that he grudged. So he cried out: "Robert Harburgh, your tongue is as sharp as your rapier. You have rid us of a great curse here in the south, and there is great need in these parts of such a sword and such a tongue to keep the oafs in civility. You shall have the lands of Drummurchie, with ten men's charges to keep them against all evil folk till such time as the land is quiet."

And Robert Harburgh bowed low to his lord and retired. As he went I clapped him on the back, and said, "Robert, I would that my long sword had done as muckle for me."

"Steady on the hilt! Keep your point low, your tongue silent, and it shall do more!" said he, over his shoulder.

Then was brought forward James Muir of Auchendrayne, clad in the suit of russet leather which he had worn under the mail wherein he had been taken. He was a hangdog-looking, ill-favored oaf, and looked sullenly and silently upon the ground.

His names and titles were first declared.

"Who accuses this man, and of what?" cried Earl John, in loud tones.

And every man in the assembly moved a little, as though he itched to be the accuser himself. But since there was none that directly knew of our adventure, no one stood forth save our Marjorie and Nell, till I myself stepped forth with them, with Robert Harburgh and the Dominie a little behind us.

"Now speak out," whispered Harburgh of the Long Sword to me, "and let your wit win you a wife."

And I looked at Nell, and resolved that if she slipped through my fingers it should not be the fault of my lack of address.

"Who accuses this man?" cried the herald, taking the word from his master; for the Earls of Carrick and Cassillis were beyond the paltry fashion of pursuivants.

"I do!" said Marjorie Kennedy, and all men set their eyes on her. Neither so long as the case lasted did they withdraw their eyes from her face. Then she opened her mouth and spoke firmly and sternly her accusation.

"I, Marjorie, daughter of the Tutor of Cassillis, in law though not in fact wife to this man, charge James Muir the Younger of Auchendrayne with the murder of my father, committed, as all men know, upon the sand hills of Ayr. I also accuse him of the murder of William Dalrymple, the lad who carried the message to Auchendrayne concerning my father's journey."

"Cousin," said Earl John, "you have doubtless abundant proof to support these charges?"

Marjorie Kennedy stood up among us all like a lily flower, and she held her head erect.

"Hear you, John of Cassillis, and all men," she said. "I will tell my tale. Of my own griefs I will say naught, for in no realm do a woman's heart-breakings count for a docken's value. It is enough that my father, in the simplicity of his heart, gave me to this man, as an innocent sacrifice is cast to a monster to appease his ravening. These many months I dwelt in this man's castle. I have been prisoned, starved, tortured—yet could all the Muirs in Auchendrayne neither prevail to break my resolve, nor yet could they close mine eyes to the things which I saw.

"And now I, that am no more bound to this man than I was when he took me out of my father's house of Culzean—I, who have never looked upon him that is my wedded husband save with eyes of hatred, never lain by his side, stand here to denounce James Muir and his father for black, cruel, repeated, defenceless murder!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE MURDER UPON THE BEACH.

MARJORIE KENNEDY rang out the last words like a trumpet. Not even the Earl's herald could have been heard further.

"All men hear my tale before they judge," she went on. "It was the morn before my father's death-day. From my window in the house of Auchendrayne I had seen this man and his father, with Thomas of Drummurchie and Walter of Cloncaird, come and go with trappings and harness, because they knew that the time was nigh at hand for my father's riding to Edinburgh. I was looking down through the bars, for there was little else to do in the house of Auchendrayne, and it was about eleven of the clock, when I saw a young lad, dusty from head to foot, come a little way within the castle yett and stand as one that looks about him. The court was void and silent, and the lad seemed distressed. But while he thus stood, James Muir and his father came down the turnpike stair, and stepped, talking whisperingly together, into the flagged court.

"It was John Muir the Elder who first saw the lad and called him. I saw him put a letter into his hand. The which he opened and read, passing it to his son, to read also. Then James Muir stepped back and called Thomas of Drummurchie and Cloncaird. They came, all of them; the four bent their heads together over the writing.

"Then, in a little, John Muir closed the letter again as it was, and gave it with charges to the boy."

"Saw you that letter, or knew you aught of its contents?" asked the Earl John.

"Nay," said Marjorie Kennedy; "my window was too far from them, and they spoke low and with privity among themselves."

Then was my time.

"My Lord Bailzie of Carrick," said I, "may it please you, it was I, Launcelot Kennedy, of Kirreoch, sometime squire to Sir Thomas of Culzean, who sent that letter. I sent it from Maybole by the hands of William Dalrymple, the lad whom the Lady Marjorie saw come within the castle yett of Auchendrayne."

The Dominie stood forward:

"And it was I, Robert Muir, schoolmaster in the town of Maybole, who wrote that letter. I wrote it as Launcelot Kennedy set me the words. For he was a man readier with the sword than the pen, though he hath some small skill even of that. But that day he was hot under his game of golf (which I hold to be a folly which obscures the senses), so I, having, as is mine office, pen in hand, wrote the letter for him. Also, I sent one William Dalrymple, called for a nickname Willie of the Gleg-foot, with it to John Muir at his house of Auchendrayne. I bear witness that after a space this boy came back, with the story that he had found John Muir from home. But when we charged it upon him that the letter had been thumbed and opened, he grew confused, and confessed that he had been made to bring back that message by Muir himself, who had opened the letter and given it back to him, even as the Lady Marjorie hath said."

"And what proof do you offer of all this?" asked the Earl, bending forward with eagerness to catch the Dominie's words.

The Dominie put his hand into the inner pocket of his coat, and pulled out, among various pipe reeds and scraps of writing, a letter which he had carefully folded in a leathern case by itself.

"There is the letter, may it please your lordship to look upon it," said he, calmly. And as soon as he had said that, the Earl rose eagerly to see the famous letter which had brought about all this turmoil. There was also a stir among the folk that were gathered there. For all strained their eyes, as if they could see that which was going on and read the writing at that distance.

"It is a most notable proof," said the Earl, "and we receive it. But can you not produce the lad William Dalrymple?"

"That can we not," said the Lady Marjorie; "but I can tell you all the story of his death—blacker even than the other, because done to a young lad against whom even the cruel murderers could allege no quarrel."

And again there was the sound of settling down to deep attention throughout the crowd at the Justice Aire. And they even crowded in a little past the pennons, so that the heralds had to beat upon the ground with the butts of their halberds, as though to bruise their feet, before they could get them to give back. But James Muir stood stupidlike and sullen before his judge, while his accuser stood not three feet from him and told her story.

"It was when the bruit of my father's death began to go abroad against the Auchendraynes," she said, "and John Muir the Elder feared that the matter of the letter would be made manifest, that I again saw the little lad William Dalrymple. One night I saw James Muir leading him rudely by the neck into one of the barred cells which underlie the stables. And to that place with his own hands he carried food and water once every day thereafter.

"Then came to visit John Muir one Sir Robert Montgomery, the Laird of Skelmorlie. And with him they sent the lad to be a page to his house of Loch Ranza, which he keeps for the King's hunting-lodge on the Isle of Arran. What befell there I cannot tell. But it was not many weeks before William Dalrymple was back again. And this time they sent him (as he told me afterwards) to the Lowlands of Holland, there to fight in Lord

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.

"THEN THE THREE WALKED A LITTLE APART, AND CAME IN THEIR CIRCUIT VERY NEAR TO THE SAND-HOLLOW WHERE I LAY."

Buccleuch's regiment. Which, first as a trumpeter and after as a soldier, he did, though so young. Nevertheless, he wearied easily of the stress and chance of war, and so returned.

"Then when, in spite of all, the boy came back, and it was told to John Muir that he was back again in his native town, he was neither to hold nor to bind. He neither rested nor slept till he had again brought the lad to his house, where he abode for some weeks, but not so closely shut up as before. So that it was often my chance to see him as he came and went about the court, and even to converse with him. But in a little while he vanished, and from that time I saw him no more.

"Now the bitterness of my life, and my desire to bring to justice the murderers of my father, had caused me at last to quit the house of Auchendrayne. I held, as I thought, the strings which would draw mine enemies to their doom. So on a night I had it set to escape, she that was my maid helping me, with one that was a body-servant of Auchendrayne's and my tire-woman's lover.

"When I came out I found a pony waiting for me, and it was my purpose to ride to the house of my kinsman, the Earl of Cassillis. But what was my great affrightment to find a company of three who rode some little way before me! I could easily have turned bridle rein and ridden another way, but for something which came into my heart to make me follow on. For in a little I knew two of the riders to be John Muir and his son, the father being wrapped in his great cloak of gray, as is his custom. And by this I knew him.

"So I followed them, but not very near. And because my beast was a stable companion of their horses, he followed after of his own accord, till, by the first breaking touch of morn, we came to a waste place upon the edge of the sea, where I dismounted and tied my pony to a broom-bush which shot out over a sandy hollow.

"Then, yet more secretly, I followed them over the sand hills. And on the very edge, where the turf ceases underfoot and there is only sand, John Muir and his son, this man before you, waited. They stood listening, and talking low together; so that, though I lay hidden behind a whin which overgrew a sand-pit, I could neither hear what was said, nor yet, by reason of the bareness of the sand, adventure nearer to them.

"But they waited not long, till one came down to meet them over the turf, bringing a lad with him. Then immediately James Muir whistled a call, and the reply came back in like manner.

"'You are late, James Bannatyne,' I heard John Muir the Elder say. 'What has taigled you?'

"'My sea cloth is not so well accustomed to night ploys as your cloak of gray,' answered the man, who came along sullenly enough.

"Then the three walked a little apart, and came in their circuit very near to the sand-hollow where I lay, while the young lad stood and yawned, with his hands in his pockets, like one that shivers and wishes he were in bed. Nor had he, I am confident, any thought of evil.

"But the talk of the three, as I heard it in the wind-blown snatches, was black and bitter.

"The darkest counsel was that of the man who stands here. For James Muir said only, 'The dead are no tale-fyets.' And again: 'We have had enough of this silly, endless, hiding-and-seeking work. Let the earth hide him, or the sea keep him!'

"Now John Muir the Elder, and the man whom they called James Bannatyne, seemed at the least inclined to discuss milder councils. Bannatyne was all for sending the lad over to Ireland. And John Muir listened as though he might be persuaded. Yet I knew his guile. For even when he stood with his back to his son, I saw him lift up his hand, and with that, and no more, James Muir rushed at the poor lad and overbore him to the ground. And there, upon the sands of the sea-shore, James Muir set his knee on the bairnie's breast, and with bloody hands choked and worried him till there was no life left in the lad. And his father also went and held the lad when he fought, his white reverend beard waggling in the wind as the boy tossed and struggled for his dear young life. But James Bannatyne stood by and clasped his hands. For I think he was sorry that he had brought the lad to his death.

"Then I could stand the vileness no longer without protest. So I, Marjorie Kennedy, even though I well knew that they would do the like to me, rose from my hiding-place in the sand-hollow and cried: 'Murderers, cease from your cruel work. God will come and judge you!'

"Whereat John Muir came hastily to where I stood and gripped me. 'You have seen all,' he said; 'then you must die. Let us see if your God will come and help you!'

"So I defied them to do their worst with me, for madness had come upon me at the sight of the monstrous cruelty to an innocent bairn. And for the time I cared not what should become of myself.

"Then I called to James Bannatyne to require of him if he too were a murderer, like the other fiends, and to call upon him to protect the innocent.

"'We will settle all that in the one payment, mistress!' said John Muir to me.

"So I abode with them, John Muir the Elder taking me cruelly by the arm, while he sent the others to cast into the sea the dead body of the lad. But even so oft as they cast him in, so often the waves cast him out again upon the shore; and that though there was a strong wind off shore, which blew the tops from the waves and drove the sand in streams into the sea.

"So, when for the third time the boy had been cast upon the beach, John Muir bade Bannatyne bring his boat, saying that they would cast the loon afloat out in the deeps of the bay, so that the outerly wind would drive him to the coast of Ireland. After that they would return betimes to attend to other matters, by which I took him to mean that they would do that for me which I had seen them do for the young boy. And, indeed, I looked for no other mercy at their brutal hands. So in a little space James Bannatyne brought his boat, and with hard endeavor they launched her, and compelled me to accompany them into her. It was a strong wind from the east, the same which we experienced upon the Isle of Ailsa, and we were soon blown far out into the wild sea. There they cast the body of the lad overboard, and turned to make again for the shore. But though they all took the oars and labored in rowing, James Bannatyne taking two, they could make nothing of it, but were rather worse than they had been before they began.

"So they began to be afraid, and I right was glad thereat. For I looked that the doom of the twice guilty murderers should come. And so the pain of this trial and my witnessing might have been spared.

"Now the Muirs were the most feared of the quick-risen storm, for they were inland-bred. It was all that James Bannatyne could get them to do to sit still.

"'Ye will wreck us all, and send us red-hand before our Maker, with the lad's body not cold in the water, and his spirit there to meet us,' said he.

"And with that John Muir rose in his place, and in despite of the swaying and plunging of the ship, wherein the water came lashing, he cried out: 'The wraith! the wraith! It is following us; we are doomed!'

"And when we looked, I saw that which chilled me more than the whistling tempest. And if it feared me to the soul, judge ye what it must have been to the guilty men whose hands were yet red with the blood of the innocent!

"For there, no thirty yards behind the boat, and following strongly in our wake, as a stark swimmer might do, now tumbling and leaping in the wash of the sea, and now lounging forward like a boat that is towed, was the murdered boy himself. And he followed with a smile on his face, or what looked like it in the uncertain light of the morning.

"So with that the men who rowed fell on their faces and could not look any more. For the prodigy followed us a good while. Only John Muir sat wrapped in his gray cloak steering the boat, and I sat beside him. Little by little we came to the land, but as it had been sideways, having been driven by the wind to the other side of the wide bay.

"There we disembarked, and the Muirs kept me close all that day in a place of strength, which was known to James Ballantyne, till it was night. They plied me to promise silence, for they believed that I should keep my word if once I pledged it. They offered me all that they had of honor or place in the county. There was nothing, they said, that was not within the power of their compassing. For with the death of Gilbert of Bargany the King needed some one in Carrick strong enough to count spears with the Earl of Cassillis.

"But steadfastly I withstood them, declaring that I should certainly reveal all their murder and treachery, both in the matter of the death of my father and in that which I had seen done upon the sands to the young lad, William Dalrymple.

"So, finally, seeing that they could prevail nothing, they went out and kept silent watch by the door till the even. Then, as soon as it was dark, they opened the lock and bade me come forth. And this I did, knowing that my last hour was come. Yet my life had not been so pleasant to me to be as very greatly precious. So I followed them with no very ill will, nor yet greatly concerned. Then on the craggy top they gave me (as they said) one more chance to swear silence. Which, for the sake of their house and name, when I would not accept, they laid hold of my arm, pinioned me, and threw me over the cliff into the sea. And as to the mode of my rescuing and standing here before the Earl, my cousin, young Launcelot Kennedy, my father's squire, can tell; and also my sister, and Robert Muir of Maybole."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT THE NATIONAL ELECTRICAL EXPOSITION, GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, NEW YORK CITY.

DRAWN BY GEORGE W. BRECK.—[SEE PAGE 547.]

ALONG THE TROCHA.

ARTEMISA, which is the hottest place I ever got into, is just over the Trocha, the great military line upon which the Captain-General has staked his all and the war correspondents at Havana have written so much. I have come, I have seen, and I have been arrested. This matter of being arrested is occurring with such frequency as to lose all novelty. It is the seventh time that I have been under arrest since being in the island. I have been advised to write a book on prison life in Cuba, but as hitherto I have met with the greatest courtesy on the part of Spanish officials, I am afraid that such a book would lack a seasonable amount of hair-breadth escapes, heroism, and suffering to give it that spice which the general reader would require.

The place is full of soldiers; but as soon as Maceo leaves the mountains to the west and crosses the Trocha again, they will be obliged to go in pursuit of him. However, judging from what I see and can learn, Maceo has no idea of leaving the west, which is his conquered territory. In the mean time there are thousands of soldiers here. At night they are stationed in pairs along the Trocha, at a distance of about one hundred feet from one another.

My hotel is situated directly in front of this line, which was invented to keep Maceo and his hordes from flying back to Havana. I had heard many descriptions of it before leaving Havana, all of which agreed in the one particular, that of its being the greatest engineering feat of modern times. It consisted of a series of fortifications dividing the island at its narrowest part, and was said to be even more impregnable than the famous Chinese wall. Some said that it contained its glacis, its fosse, its banquettes, parapets, etc., while others said it consisted of intricate meshes of barbed-wire fence. Then there was a complete electric-light service, a signal code of blue lights and yellow fires, besides a telegraph service between all the forts, which were located along the line at intervals of 500 feet. Naturally when I looked at the stone wall running along the opposite side of the road in front of the hotel and learned that it was a part of the Trocha I was surprised. I have seen stone walls just as good up in New England. About 200 feet back from this wall is a fort built of palm logs, stones, and mud, with a roof made out of tin cans.

At the railroad station I could find no signs of any Trocha, although the station is supposed to be on the line of it. From the railroad station I strolled down the road to the south, along which I saw a number of palm-thatched forts. I judged these forts to be about five hundred yards apart. On the road between the forts, at intervals of a hundred feet, were piles of stones with palm-leaf parasols over them. These proved to be sentry-boxes just large enough to hold two soldiers. One of them had fallen down during the night, and two soldiers, with a great show of disgust, were trying to build it up again. I continued my stroll along the road, keeping a sharp lookout for any signs of the Trocha. Alongside of the road was an ordinary barbed-wire fence. Its posts consisted of saplings between two and three inches thick. Believing that I could have knocked that fence down by throwing myself against it, to make sure I went up and shook one of the posts, and then I asked a soldier if that was the Trocha. He said it was. I had passed two of the forts in safety, when something suspicious about the third one caused me to turn back. I had retreated but a few steps, when two artillerymen with fixed bayonets ordered me to halt. As I complied with their request, they wanted to know if I had a special permit to see the Trocha. Of course I had not, so I was marched off to the quarters of the commanding officer. Instead of taking me back to town, they took me about a mile further up the road, thus giving me ample opportunity to study the construction of that barbed-wire fence which was considered in Havana as impregnable as the Chinese wall. The commanding officer apparently did not wish to be bothered with any American prisoners, so I was marched back again to town and delivered over to the local comandante. I showed him my old passport which I had taken out in Madrid eight years ago.

The comandante turned me over to Colonel Cadido Hernandez de Velasco, who was second in command at the battle of Paso Real. After discussing the advisability of my being allowed to see the Trocha, the colonel told me to remain in town until he could consult with General Arolas, who commands the Trocha, and I was allowed to go on my good behavior.

In the evening I was surrounded by half a dozen little ragged soldiers. One of them said he would thank me for a little tobacco, as he was dead-broke and awfully tired, for he had been kept out in the palm grove all night long shooting pigs.

"Shooting pigs!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, señor, shooting pigs. Sometimes we shoot a horse, but horses are getting scarce now. You see, we have to stand out there all night, and our orders are to shoot anything we see at sight."

Then, as I ordered cigarettes for the crowd and divided all my small change among them, I talked to them about the war and their native land. One of them said he was from Sevilla. I told him I had lived in Sevilla, San Andres, No. 12; and he, with a sudden light beaming in his eyes, told me how, when a baker's apprentice, he used to deliver bread at No. 12. Yes, he remembered Natividad, the sweet girl of sixteen; and it was she who nursed me all through a serious illness. Then he called me *paisano*, his countryman, and other soldiers gathered around, and I ordered more cigarettes. And some laughed, while others told their troubles, and how they longed to go home. I watched them as they spread their blankets upon the ground and laid themselves down to sleep. I had to step over their prostrate forms when I went to my room.

Fifteen miles of cart road, extending from sea to sea, have been strongly fortified, and garrisoned by some thirty thousand troops. The road has been divided into sections, each section under the command of an officer, ranking in grade from a general to a comandante, and each of these officers is held responsible for the impregnability of his particular section. Apparently each commanding officer is allowed to work upon his part of the Trocha as he may see fit. For this reason the Trocha differs in construction, from mere barbed-wire fences to stone walls and ditches, the whole protected by rude forts along the way. The secret of these constructions is guarded most jealously by the Captain-General; but people must earn a living somehow, soldiers must be allowed to buy shoestrings or pins and needles, and officers must have the daily papers to read, so that the whole line of fortifications is passed daily by venders of such articles as may be required by the defenders of their country's honor, and it is even said that a man has been seen going along the line with a little square box offering to take pictures of the brave defenders, which they may send home to their sweethearts by the very next mail.

While the Captain-General still puts his trust in the Trocha, and his people repeat the cry, "Here the rebels can never pass," the insurgents continue to overrun the province, driving the inhabitants to the trenches, unless they choose to go with them to the mountains, which are undoubtedly in their possession. "The country must remain clean," is the rebel cry. "To the trenches or to the mountains. You must be for Cuba or for Spain!"

Daily the Spanish columns go out from the trenches, returning at nightfall, and now, as I write, I hear the distant boom of the cannon, and a soldier standing by my side tells me that an attack was begun upon Candelaria last night. As he tells me this, a train of mules come galloping down the street, lashed furiously by their riders, as they drag along four rapid-fire guns, and behind them, marching rapidly, with neither flag, fife, nor drum, comes a long column of infantry, all going to the relief of the besieged trenches.

T. R. DAWLEY, JUN.

ARTEMISA, May 15.

CARTRIDGES IN EXCHANGE FOR CHEESE AND ORANGES.

A LACK of ammunition for the insurgents, a lack of food for the Spaniards—these are the crying needs of all who have been afield in Cuba during the past twelve months. And the world has not by any means been allowed to remain in ignorance. All the world knows that the one party has lacked the life-sustaining, the other party the death-dealing, supplies. Perhaps, however, not every one has heard of a singular exchange that has taken place, a picturesque accommodation of supply to demand, a barter in death-warrants.

Imagine a party of Spanish soldiers on an expedition into the country. They are grumbling about the rations. "One meal a day—a little bacon, a handful of white beans, a scrap of bread. All from Spain, all of inferior quality. The government has paid enough for good food, and plenty of it, God knows, but the contractors give us only *this*, and they are growing rich out of the war." Then they come upon a *criollo* (*i. e.*, intensely Cuban) settlement, and the natives, feigning distress, run out to meet them, crying: "For the love of God, give us something to eat. We are starving." "Nothing for you, dogs of Cubans," is the response, and the disappointed soldiers march away. But then the Cuban bands hovering in the rear, waiting for opportunity to strike, come to the same destitute peasants. "Do *they* [being all patriots, though of many colors] lack food? Will they deign to accept hospitality?" They are led into a peasant's hut, the bed is shoved aside, a pit is disclosed that the bed had hidden, and in this pit is a store of sweet-potatoes, and of pork cured in the smoke of *guayabo* leaves. That is good food for the insurgents. The meat thus cured can scarcely be regarded as a dainty bit, but it holds its own; it does not deteriorate for years.

And meantime the invading column has pressed on to an encampment, where peasants come in, offering fruit and new cheeses for sale.

"How much for this little cheese?" a hungry soldier asks.

"One dollar."

"That's too much, rascal."

"Well, nobody is looking. Suppose I say *five cartridges?*"

Another soldier to another countryman: "How much for an orange?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Extortioner!"

"Well, when the officers aren't around, *two cartridges*."

So, more or less on the sly, the exchange is effected, and when the peasants withdraw they have *capsulas* with which to slay their customers.

That is one way in which ammunition has been secured by the insurgents. On a larger scale and by force it has been obtained from time to time.

A train of about thirty cars, loaded with ammunition and two pieces of artillery, with an escort of fifty soldiers, set out from Havana on Saturday, February 1, and proceeded across the island by way of Santiago de las Vegas toward Batabanó, which lies due south of Havana, on the Gulf of Broa. But the train did not reach Batabanó. A few miles north of that place is an unimportant station called Pozo Redondo, near which a band of Cubans, led by Brauilio Guerra and Perico Díaz, was in waiting. So it is recorded that near Pozo Redondo something happened to the train—it was thrown from the rails and immediately attacked. This we learn from the official Spanish version of the affair; and, from the same source, that the Spaniards defended themselves as well as they could; that their commander, Francisco López, died fighting bravely; that his lieutenant, Manuel Moncada, took command of "those who were left." Now some of the cars were on fire, and Moncada had to go out into the open field, or perish even sooner in the stifling smoke. Just then Spanish re-enforcements under Linares came up. It does not clearly appear even at the time of the present writing whether *all* of the military supplies fell into the insurgents' hands. The official account admits that a large part of the convoy was captured.

Señor Valdes's sketch of the attack, redrawn by Mr. De Thulstrup, is published on another page of this number of the WEEKLY. On the same page will be found two other drawings that are in a peculiar sense informing, inasmuch as they give the impressions of an eye-witness of engagements in regard to which only brief notices have heretofore been made public. The attack on the Fort of Guazabo by the forces of Quintin Banderas took place on the 9th of April. The scene of the action represented in the third drawing is San Diego de Nuñez, a village about fifty miles west of Havana; and the *Bodega de la Rosa*, headquarters of Captain Andres Carranza, is particularly mentioned by Señor Valdes, in the memorandum accompanying his sketch, as the place where "we captured all the arms of the volunteers and five thousand cartridges."

MARRION WILCOX.

A LAWYER'S REMINISCENCES.

THERE are not many dull autobiographies in the world. The reason has been said to be that a man's account of his own life has two of the chief elements of attractiveness in that the subject is one in which the writer is warmly interested, and upon which he is the first living authority. Lawyers' autobiographies have a special source of interest, because the reputation of advocates is almost as wholly traditional as that of actors. Arguments to judges are almost always of an esoteric and professional interest only, and talks to juries are to be judged only by their effect. It is by reminiscence and tradition only that the fame of the forensic orator is kept alive.

Mr. Henry Lauren Clinton's book, *Extraordinary Cases*, just published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, is a piece of professional autobiography that was well worth doing. The author was admitted to the bar of New York fifty years ago this May, and practised at it for forty years, having been employed, as every one knows, in quite his share of famous cases, and having, as these pages set forth, had more than his share of queer cases. It is the queer cases, the "Extraordinary Cases," to which this volume is mainly devoted, and it comprehends a review of the bar and bench of New York at a time to which the memory of not many lawyers still in practice can run. It was before the Code of Procedure, and in the days of special pleadings and complicated practice, that Mr. Clinton was admitted to the bar, and his admission is the occasion of the first, and not the worst, of his professional reminiscences. In those days the applicants for admission to the bar assembled at the term of the Supreme Court, which at that time "rode circuit" over the State, and were examined by a committee. On this occasion Charles O'Conor, already a leader of the State bar, was one of the examiners, and beginning at the top of the class, arranged in alphabetical order, put an innocent-looking question of practice, the answer to which was wildly wrong. Without betraying dissent or surprise, Mr. O'Conor called upon the next in order to continue an account of the proceeding indicated by the first, and so on, until a wonderful and novel system of practice had been developed. When Mr. Clinton's turn came, and Mr. O'Conor asked him what he would do if these proceedings had been taken and he were on the other side, he answered that he would apply to have one of the previous catechumens disbarred, to have the judge who had acquiesced in the proceedings impeached—"And," interrupted Mr. O'Conor, "bring an action for false imprisonment against all parties."

It was another world than ours in which Mr. Clinton began his career. Pecuniarily it was a day of small things. A lawyer in good standing and practice was content with a fee of $50 for trying a case that lasted two or three days. In a case in which Mr. Clinton was engaged—the famous murder case of Polly Bodine it was—which was to be tried at Newburgh, it was considered to be politic to enlist the services of the leading lawyer of that place, who was also its most popular citizen. When this eminent man was applied to it was explained to him that the case would be especially long and laborious, and he answered that in view of this he thought that a charge of $100 for his services would not be excessive.

This narrowness of circumstances had its compensations. One of them was that professional chivalry was much more readily enlisted then than now, when the mercantile spirit is nearly as prevailing in the professions as in commerce. It is to this change in the legal point of view, very likely, that we owe a change that is pointed out by Mr. Clinton. When he began practice, "criminal business," instead of being almost abandoned to a class of specialists, was eagerly taken by the leaders of the bar in cases which appealed either to their sympathies or their interests. Mr. Clinton himself began his career by being assigned by the court to the defence of poor and friendless culprits, and he relates how he undertook on their behalf an amount of labor which at present a young lawyer would decline except for very ample fees indeed. The case of Carnal, one of the most extraordinary in many respects of those recorded in this volume, was especially noteworthy in this respect. In behalf of a foreigner without means to pay him, the young lawyer quarrelled with the district attorney, bearded a judge of the Supreme Court, besieged the Governor of the State, and drew down upon himself the condemnation of the press. The account of this case testifies to the existence half a century ago of a high professional spirit to which it would be difficult to find a modern parallel. It must be owned that it was irrelevant to the administration of justice, but that, from the professional point of view, is a mere detail. Mr. Clinton's own account of the matter leaves little doubt that his client was guilty, and in the end he got off scot-free. It is rather curious that, out of about a hundred murder cases which he defended, only one of his clients was executed, and this execution Mr. Clinton describes as a "judicial murder." It would not be fair to assume that in all the other cases there was a miscarriage of justice in the other direction; but it is evident that some of the defendants whose lives their counsel saved richly deserved to be hanged.

The cases recorded here in more or less detail are interesting as well as extraordinary, and the accounts of them worth reading by laymen as well as by lawyers. But the chief charm of the book is in its incidental sketches of the famous men of the last generation, from the Forrest divorce case, which John Van Buren allowed his client's spitefulness to throw away, to the Jumel will case, in which the public curiosity was baffled by an agreement out of court. Not only the practice of law but life in New York has greatly changed within the period covered by these chronicles; in some ways for the better, in some for the worse. We could scarcely match now the remarkable Recorder Scott, about whom there are so many good stories, to which Mr. Clinton adds a new one, an instruction to a jury—"Whatever counsel reads out of a law-book, gentlemen, that is law." But, also, it is doubtful whether in general accomplishment or in professional accomplishment the present leaders of the New York bar can equal their predecessors who were its leaders when our autobiographer began his career. Of those, of David Graham and Ogden Hoffman and James W. Gerard and Charles O'Conor and John Van Buren and the rest, Mr. Clinton has a store of entertaining reminiscences, as well as of their famous contemporaries in other walks of life. In recording his professional recollections he has produced a valuable and a readable volume.

THE ELECTRICAL EXPOSITION.

If you attend the National Electrical Exposition, which is now being held in New York city, and begin your tour of the exposition in the generating-room downstairs, about in the centre you will be attracted by an engine set up on three steel pivots, very much as you would mount your camera on its tripod. It has no anchorage; there is, indeed, nothing to hold it on these delicate pinions save its own weight. Its huge fly-wheel spins at the rate of hundreds of revolutions per minute. This machine is an electric generator, and develops a power sufficient to draw a small railway train, and it runs without a shock or a jar, and with hardly a sound. Upstairs the force that this machine is generating is being applied to a thousand uses. It is filling a great hall with a flood of marvellous light; it is making it possible for you to talk with a friend a hundred or a thousand miles away; it is cooking a meal; it is driving an automatic piano; it is furnishing heat for the iron which a maid is pushing over her ironing-board; it is taking pictures while you wait; it is sending alarms and warnings, ringing gongs and printing messages; it is even making it possible for you and me to look into a clumsy black stereoscope and, with the aid of the Röntgen rays, to see the bones of our arms, or to look through a heavy plank of oak. Outside it is running street cars, inside is the model showing how it will run canal-boats. The mind seems hardly able to discover the field of mechanical activity where this Protean force is not felt, is not doing useful work.

Upstairs Dr. Park Benjamin and Mr. Commerford Martin have been at work to sketch in a striking and novel way exactly the same story that the engine downstairs has been telling. Dr. Benjamin has perhaps the most valuable and interesting electrical library in the world; and if there were absolutely nothing else in the exposition, and you were interested in such matters at all, it would be worth your while to go and look over this curious collection. Instead of being laid out as such things usually are, in haphazard fashion, Dr. Benjamin has taken each volume in its chronological order, and opened it at its most striking page. In between each volume he has slipped a little card of explanation and succinct comment, so that as you move along slowly, looking over these rare old treasurers, you may read the full story of the history of electricity, as it were, from earliest times to the present day.

Then when you have done with the literary side you may go a little further, and something of the same story, in even a more vivid and pictorial way, will be told you in the collection which Mr. F. B. Morse, son of the "Father of Telegraphy," has with like liberality placed at the disposal of the exposition, and in the remarkable collection of models which has been sent over from the Patent Office at Washington. Here you may see the earliest beginnings of the mechanical side of the electrical art, and step by step you may follow the path of its progress. Here you may see the first tentative models of Morse, you may see the first inventions of Edison, and Elihu Thompson, and Brush, and Houston, and Bell, and Gray, and Essick, and Westinghouse, and Tesla, and all the others who have contributed towards establishing the primacy of American inventive genius, and towards developing electrical devices to their present stage.

You will see here miniature designs of the first instrument that ever carried a telegraphic message, the first that ever conveyed the sound of the human voice, the first that ever developed a high potential current; you may view the first lamp that ever gave forth the brilliant glow of the electric arc, the first that ever shone with the milder radiance of the incandescent light, the first motor that ever set spinning a wheel, the first that ever heated a kettle of water, the first that ever propelled a car, and finally the first that ever enabled a human eye to see through an opaque and solid mass. And here, too, you will find instruments of the most bewildering variety and the most amazing delicacy for taking measurements and weights. You will see instruments so sensitive and of such precision that they will weigh a tiny bit of your hair and determine its thickness; that will detect and register the electric currents of your body; that will split the difference in the weights of the gas you burn and the air you breathe, that will tremble with the polar currents that flow about the earth. They do more than this; they give promise of the day when it will be possible for a machine to trace upon a sheet of paper the course and intensity of the thoughts that team in your brain.

All these things you may see, and when you have thoroughly grounded yourself in what you may call the first principles and the history of the art, you may turn to the industrial display—that is to say, to the exhibit of the various devices and instruments and wares which are now upon the market for the promotion of your ease, your comfort, and your pleasure. There are huge electrical engines, fetching effects and novelties without end, ranging from a 150-horse-power motor to an electrical jardinière. But it is not within the scope of this article to go over these in detail; you may readily see them all for yourself, or read of them in the electrical papers.

There are many things of other than purely commercial interest; for instance, the light which Professor Moore makes, and which is generated by means of an induction current passed through partially exhausted glass tubes. The vibrations set up by the current induce in the tube a peculiar glow or phosphorescence, much similar to, though far more brilliant than that which comes from a stick of phosphorus on a dark night. It is a beautiful light to look at, and peculiarly grateful to tired or over-sensitive eyes.

But I take it that above all others the most significant event of the exposition has been the sufficiently noteworthy feat of bringing power from the Niagara Falls. It is true that the actual amount of power brought is small, and anything but economical. Nevertheless, the mere fact that a current of electricity generated by the new giant turbines at the Falls has been carried so far as New York city, carried 465 miles over an ordinary Western Union wire, opens up wide vistas for the future. The longest distance through which a high potential current has hitherto been carried and made to do actual work is, I believe, 109 miles. An advance to four times this distance, and by ordinary means at that, indicates beyond peradventure that the day is not far distant when a large part of the mechanical work of New York, and other cities as well, will be undertaken by currents drawn from the great cataract and from the countless waterfalls scattered everywhere over the country. It means that our mills and factories, our railroads and surface ways, and not less the lighter work of the household and the kitchen, will be performed by this latest and efficient slave. Where, again, sufficient water-power is not available, successful long-distance transmission means the generation of electricity at the mouth of the coal-mine, and with far greater economy than at the present time. Thus the Pennsylvania Railroad is already taking steps to burn the countless culm banks which years of operation of the coal-mines have heaped up about the tunnel mouths. This culm is a sort of coal-dust, or refuse, which is not available for transportation, but which may be burned successfully in a new type of furnace, which provides for a wellnigh perfect combustion. These culm banks are scattered at intervals all over the country, from Pennsylvania and Alabama to Wyoming, and even to the far distant shores of Puget Sound, and they offer fuel to generate electricity and run our railways for years to come. It is hardly necessary to add that this is a fuel whose cheapness rivals that of water-power, and, with the latter, insures such an economical production of electricity as to offer the practical prospect that within a few years coal will have almost ceased to be transported from the point where it is mined. We shall have electricity everywhere.

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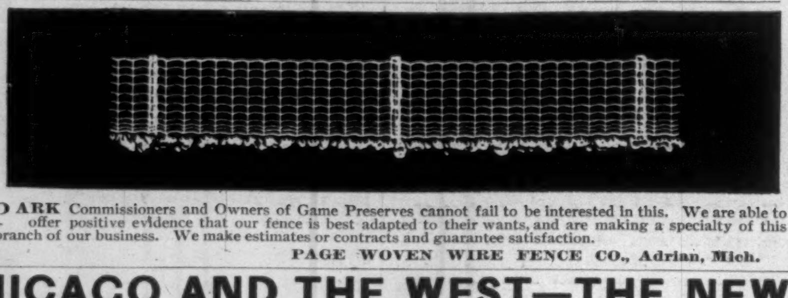

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BEST LINE TO CHICAGO AND THE WEST—THE NEW YORK CENTRAL

AMATEUR SPORT

GOLF NOTES FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

THE event of greatest interest in recent golf has been the competition for the spring medal of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. The meetings of this premier club, famous in history, and indisputably first in the general esteem of golfers all the world over, are two annually, in spring and autumn; and if the earlier meeting is, for some undiscoverable reason, not held in precisely the same repute as the later one—whether because the latter is the date at which the new captain of the club for the year is inducted with all manner of state into the chair at the dinner, or for whatever occult reason—it is certain the spring meeting is not a whit behind the autumn in the quality of the golfers who compete for the great distinction, or in the attendant ceremonial attaching to the starting off and progress of the competition.

It happens that at the present day any remarks on the game of golf are read by a large number of enthusiastic devotees of the game, whose enthusiasm and devotion, although unbounded, are of comparatively recent birth. Very many of them have not learned golf, as we are told it should be learned, "from childhood," but have taken to it after arrival at years of what we are pleased to call discretion, and with all the disadvantages inseparable from such a tardy conversion. To these golfers, we cannot conceive reading more pleasant than the record of the result of the late spring meeting of the Royal and Ancient. There was no lack at that meeting of the crack players of the club, and of the strongest exponents of the game. Mr. Laidlay, who has twice been amateur champion, was in the field, with Mr. F. G. Tait, Mr. Mure Fergurron, Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, present champion, and many other past medal-winners, and doubtless many future ones. And yet the winner on this latest occasion was not any one or other of these, all of whom have made golf their assiduous study from their childhood, but one who, though he had before this made something of a mark in first-class golf, actually had not touched a golf club till he was more than thirty years of age. If a man starting with such a disadvantage can achieve such a unique distinction, surely this is of encouragement to all, and might even inspire Methuselah to appear among the *débutants*. Mr. Charles Hutchings is far enough from a Methuselah, being indeed in the very prime and vigor of life; but that he should have won the St. Andrews medal against such a field is certainly a very remarkable feat for a man who had deferred so long the somewhat trying moment of first handling a golf club. It is true that Mr. Hutchings's score of 82 was not so good by four strokes as that at which Mr. Laidlay won the same medal last year, but that score was a record, tying with Mr. Tait's previous record; and the best point, undoubtedly, of Mr. Hutchings's 82 was that it was good enough to win, and to place all these crack players behind him in the field. Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, always a steady scorer, was second to him, and gained the Bombay medal with 83, and Mr. Macfie, also a previous winner, third, with 84. Mr. Tait and Mr. Pease tied for fourth place at 86.

Mr. Ball for a while raised the hopes of those likely to be his opponents in the amateur championship competition unduly high by playing a little below his form during the winter and early spring. He seemed to realize this by the date of the Royal Liverpool Club's spring meeting, for he won on both medal days. His score for the first day—namely, 83—does not read particularly well, but to estimate it fairly one has to realize that a boisterous wind was blowing, and the weather had been dry for a while previously, so that the greens were hard and tricky. After all, the comparative method is the best for these purposes, and so judging the score, its excellence is seen at once, for the second best was Mr. Hilton, at four strokes worse. Mr. Laidlay, who might have threatened danger, required 92 for the round. On the second day Mr. Ball tied with Mr. Hutchings at 81 on a much better day for golf, and the latter failed to do himself justice in the playing off, leaving Mr. Ball an easy winner by 85 strokes to 90. Mr. Laidlay was third on this occasion, with 83, followed by Mr. Hilton at a stroke more.

The ups and downs of golf are not confined to those who are blessed with long handicaps. There has been a deal of in-and-out play among our best professionals lately. Herd had twice beaten Taylor, the champion, during the early spring; and English golfers, who had come rather to regard the supremacy of golf as a matter of a duel between these two, were inclining to the opinion that the Scotsman was getting the upper hand. But at the recent Sudbrook Park tournament Taylor upset all this reasoning. His first round in that event was very nearly a record, and he held his own so well in the later stages that he led his field finally by five strokes, the redoubtable Herd being second. Then the redoubtable Herd went north to Aberdeen, where a big tournament under rather novel conditions was on foot. The players were to compete, first of all, in a 36-hole scoring bout. Then the best eight were to play off, English tournament fashion—that is to say, the loser of each heat to retire—in matches of 18 holes, until the final match, which was to be a 36-hole business.

At Aberdeen the unexpected happened. Champion Taylor did not come, though he had been entered. Therefore Herd was left a rather hot favorite. But Herd did not even satisfy the preliminary conditions—failed to be one of the first eight. Archie Simpson, who has an advantage in local familiarity with the course, led the field with 158. Andrew Kirbaldy was second, with 162; Willie Park third, at a stroke more; James Kinnell fourth, at 164. Willie Fernie, George Pulford, and Hugh Kirbaldy were bracketed next, at 165; and Willie Auchterlonie, Herd, and J. Kay were 167 each. How the decision was reached that the first of these last three went on into the tournament the report does not show, but the management of the whole competition is a guarantee that it was equitably arrived at. So Auchterlonie played, and was beaten by Kinnell; Andrew Kirbaldy defeated Willie Fernie; and Park bested the younger Kirbaldy. The best match was the last in this first heat, Simpson beating Pulford after a fine fight. Then Andrew Kirbaldy met Kinnell, and the latter, a comparatively unknown player, beat the St. Andrews man by a hole, after some brilliant golf on both sides. Simpson was scoring three on Park, but failed to halve one of the final three; and, on playing a nineteenth hole for decision, Park won it, and so, too, the match. In the final the "dark horse," Kinnell, went right away from Park, at one time leading him by eight. Park stuck at his work, and reduced the odds against him to four, but could not further lower them; and Kinnell thus won by four, and three to play. So he at a jump has established himself in the front rank, and may stay there, for he is quite young, and, though such great things were not expected of him, has given sufficient evidence that it was not all chance work. He was brought up at Leven, a nursery of many a fine player. On the afternoon of an off day Andrew Kirbaldy, with Archie Simpson as his partner, played Herd and Pulford, and comfortably beat them by four up and three to play.

Park has been playing in fine form since his return from the States, and has proved himself a brave man; for he has backed himself to play Taylor a home and home match for £50 a side, of which the first half is to come off about the date of the Open Championship, in June, on the links of Musselburgh. This is Park's native heath, and it appears that the arena of Taylor's choice is not yet definitely settled.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS that will be decided Saturday on Manhattan Field, New York, promise probably as interesting a struggle as this annual event has ever furnished. Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvania will be represented by strong all-round teams; the strongest any one of them has heretofore sent to the Championships. Yale's team this year is without question the most certain point-winner to yet come out of New Haven. She has had teams on which were a greater number of good men, but no team so sure of so many first places. Harvard's team is a magnificent collection of athletes; such an abundance of thoroughly first-class performers has never been sent forth by any institution. In all the track events, outside of the walk, Harvard has two good men to any other university's one; while in the sprints particularly the quantity and quality are equally notable.

And yet Harvard next Saturday will very likely be beaten out for second place by Pennsylvania, whom last week she defeated in dual competition by eighteen points! Harvard would win a dual meet from any American university this year, Yale included, but in the Inter-collegiate Championships her score, more than that of any other, is cut into by the small colleges of a single "crack," such as Wefers, from Georgetown; Chase, Dartmouth; and Burke, Boston University. We are thankful the educational advantages of Holy Cross were not recognized by Conneff until after October '95, else next Saturday we should have viewed the spectacle of Conneff winning the one-mile American college championship.

Pennsylvania is much below the other two in the sprints and quarter-mile, but as a team is strong, and the best U. of P. has developed.

A PROBABLE RESULT OF THE ATHLETIC EVENTS of the inter-collegiate meeting, based on individual public performance, follows:

Events.	Yale.	Pennsylvania.	Harvard.	Georgetown.	Boston Univ.	Dartmouth.	Princeton.
100 yards	1		2	5			
220 yards	2			5			1
440 yards			2		5		1
880 yards	2	1	5				
Mile run		7	1				
Mile walk	6	2					
120-yard hurdles	2		1			5	
220-yard hurdles	2		6				
Pole vault	1	5	2				
High jump	1	7					
Broad jump	5		3				
Hammer	7	1					
Shot	5	3					
	34	26	22	10	5	5	2

First place counts five points; second, two; and third, one point.

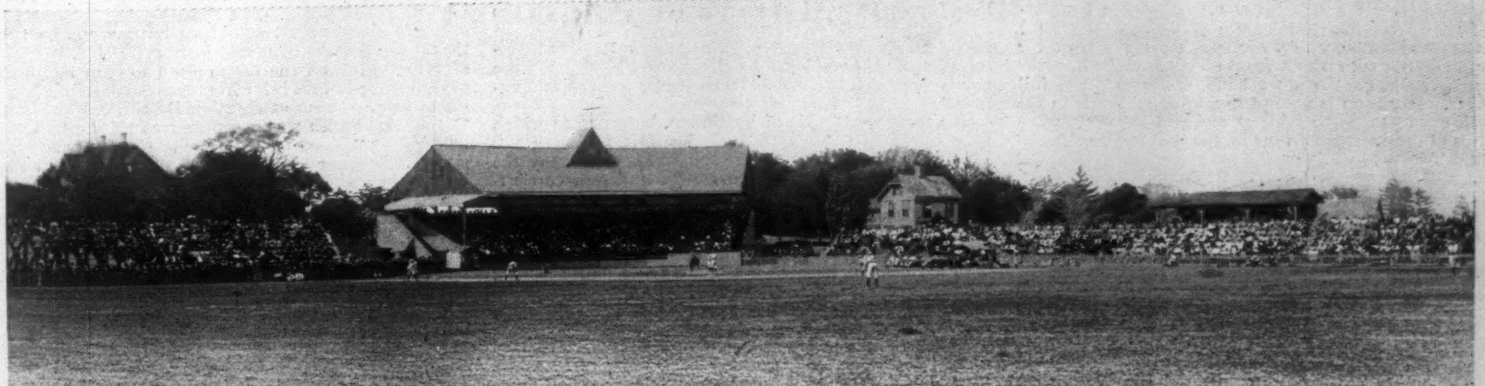
THE BICYCLE EVENTS are not included in this estimate, for the reason that only the most haphazard opinion could be ventured by any one on the probable result. But these very same bicycle events will practically decide the championship. They may win it for Pennsylvania and lose it for Yale. They may give Columbia 10 or 15 points. They are not likely to influence Harvard's score to any appreciable extent. The events are to be a quarter-mile, half-mile, one-mile, five-mile, and one-mile tandem, and each will count as a track event—distributing eight points. Only a few of the entries in these events are known, and only two have shown consistent public performance. Therefore to reckon on results would be merest guess. They serve to make the outcome entirely uncertain, though I believe the points will be sufficiently distributed to not disturb the relative positions in the table—*i. e.*, Yale, 1st; Penn., 2d; Harvard, 3d.

BEYOND THE SPRINTS AND QUARTER, Princeton appears to be outclassed by the others, although they have some fairly good men in the field events, and Garrett may pick up a point in the broad jump. Princeton has been weak in track athletics for several years, and the chief reason seems to be found in the indifference with which the students generally view this branch of athletic endeavor. Meanwhile those whom Princeton once defeated have outrun her completely.

Columbia is yet another who no longer cuts a disturbing figure in the Championships, whereas once she was

LIKELY POINT-WINNERS IN THE INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC MEET, MAY 30.

Events.	Yale.	Harvard.	Pennsylvania.	Princeton.	
100 yards	Burnet, .10 1-5. Chappel .10 1-5.	Roche, .10 1-5. Denholm, .10 1-5. Redpath, .10 2-5. Bigelow, .10 2-5.	Buchholz, .10 1-5.	Derr, .10 1-5. Jamison, .10 2-5.	Wefers, .9 4-5, Georgetown. Bowen, .10 1-5, Cornell.
220 yards	Fisher, .22 1-5. Burnet, .22 2-5.	Redpath, .22 2-5. Bigelow, .22 2-5. Denholm, .22 3-5.		Derr, .22. Colfelt, .22 1-5.	Daniels, .22 2-5, Cornell. Wefers, .21 3-5, Georgetown.
440 yards	Garvan, .50 4-5. Gerard, .51.	Bremer, .50. Hollister, .50 2-5. Vincent, .51.	Warren, .50 4-5. Sterrett, .50 3-5.	Colfelt, .51. Jamison, .52 2-5.	Taylor, .51 2-5, Cornell. Burke, .49, Boston Univ.
880 yards	Hinckley, 1.59.	Hollister, 1.56 3-5. Boardman, 2.	Orton, 1.58. Sichel, 2.		
Mile run	Buckingham, 4.35.	Grant, 4.30. Fenno, 4.33.	Orton, 4 21 4-5. Jarvis, 4.26.	King, 4.33. Laing, 4.32.	
Mile walk	Thrall, 7. Darrach.	Phillips, 7.14.	Fetterman, 7.7.		
120-y'd h'l's	Perkins, .16. Van Beuren.	Monroe, .16 1-5. Kublie, .16 3-5.			Chase, .15 2-5, Dartmouth.
220-y'd h'l's	L. P. Sheldon, .25 4-5. Fensmith, .26.	Bremer, .24 3-5. Mason, .26.			
Pole vault	Van Winkle, 10 ft. 7 1-2.	Hoyt, 11 ft. 2 3-4. Emmons, 10 ft. 8.	Buchholz, 11 ft. 3. Stewart, 10 ft. 6.	Tyler, 10 ft. 9. Trainer, 10 ft. 3.	
High jump	Merwin, 5 ft. 10 1-2. Gerard (J. M.), 5 ft. 10.	Clark (E. H.), 5 ft. 11 1-4. Putnam, 5 ft. 10.	Windsor, 6 ft. 1. Leslie, 6 ft. 1.	Bottger, 5 ft. 8. Weber, 5 ft. 9.	
Broad jump	L. P. Sheldon, 23 ft. Mitchell, 21 ft. 8.	Mason, 22 ft. 3. Clark (J. G.), 22 ft. 8 1-2.	Buchholz, 21 ft. 7. Remington, 20 ft. 5.	Garrett, 21 ft. 10. Bottger, 21 ft. 6.	
Hammer	Cross, 143 ft. Chadwick, 130 ft.	Clark (E. H.), 123 ft. Shaw, 117 ft. 7.	Woodruff, 122 ft. 5 1-2.	Schmalporst, 112 ft.	
Shot	R. Sheldon, 40 ft. 6. Beck, 40 ft. 2.	Kublie, 39 ft.	Knipe, 41 ft. 6. Woodruff, 40 ft. 2.	Garrett, 39 ft. Schmalporst, 38 ft.	
Bicycle	McFarland. Hill.	Hewitt.	Douglas.		Rupert, Columbia. Feering, Columbia.



SCENE OF THE YALE-PRINCETON BASEBALL GAME WON BY PRINCETON, 13-0, AT PRINCETON, MAY 16—THE UNIVERSITY FIELD AND GRAND STAND.

reckoned on to win or come very near to doing so. And Columbia fell farther than Princeton, because her original altitude was higher. There has been some excuse for Columbia's track-athletic lethargy; there is none for Princeton's, unless sheer indifference be so considered. With new athletic-grounds and the founding of new buildings that serve to bring the students more together, there is good reason to expect much improvement may come to Columbia. Indeed, the class games a few weeks ago showed improvement already begun.

CORNELL HAS A FAIRLY GOOD TEAM—an exceedingly good one when the short period of Cornell's track-athletic activity is taken into consideration. Only about three years ago, if I am not greatly mistaken, Cornell could have won scarcely a dozen points from so strong a team as Pennsylvania's; but this year, although beaten by twenty points, they won fifty-three; and showed some good men, too, though no one of them will likely be heard from this year, unless Taylor should reveal unexpected speed and pick up a point in the quarter.

Western college athletes are not, after all, to be seen next Saturday. When the season opened quite a general meeting between the East and West was promised. University of California had arranged for dual meets with Harvard and Pennsylvania, and was to enter the Inter-collegiate Championships. Wisconsin University had also promised a team for the championships. But we shall see none of them. California has not only cancelled all its dates on the Atlantic coast, but decided not to send a team even to the Western Inter-collegiate Championship meet at Chicago, June 6, which it won last year.

It is also extremely doubtful if Wisconsin sends on a team, so we are not likely to have the opportunity of verifying the timing which gave Maybury 10 sec. in the 100 yards and $21\frac{4}{5}$ sec. in the 220, and Richards $15\frac{4}{5}$ sec. in the 120 hurdles at the recent games of this university.

THE ABANDONMENT OF THE EASTERN TRIP in both cases comes because of its expense. The experience should teach a good and much-needed lesson to these and all other Western universities. Wisconsin was wise enough not to go too far—except through the newspapers—but California had her trip of last year, and I wonder if her advisers do not now agree with me that the game is not worth the candle. The long, expensive journey gave us of the East the opportunity of enjoying some clever performers and of meeting some manly and attractive young fellows, and it gave the California University Athletic Association no small debt to carry. It did nothing, so far as I can determine, for the athletic prosperity of the university. It is doubtful if athletic tours ever result in benefit to the sport itself or to the particular university concerned in the tour.

Moreover, these long trips are reprehensible, from an ethical point of view, unless they are made in vacation. Men cannot leave at any other time for protracted periods without neglecting their studies. The same criticism applies to the touring of the East by Western baseball nines, or the touring of any part of the country by any college team in term time. How, for instance, are the members of the Chicago University and Wisconsin University nines, at present playing here, attending to studies in the week's absence?

ALTHOUGH THE FORECAST OF POINTS in the table of athletic events does not indicate a very close contest for first place, yet I am confident we shall witness some of the sharpest and most exciting races the inter-collegiate meet has ever provided. It should be remembered that public form is the only guide in this preliminary figuring on results, and athletes do not invariably come up to their best previous performance. This inter-collegiate event always contains surprises, and I am prepared to see more than the usual share of them this year.

Unless there is an unprecedented reversal of form, however, or Pennsylvania's bicycle team should carry all before it, there seems little likelihood of Yale losing first honors. It looks as if the most exciting struggle will be between Harvard and Pennsylvania for second place in the athletic events. It is really impossible to discuss total results with any safety, because the bicycle events are such an uncertain quantity, and, as I have said, are likely completely and surprisedly to change the entire aspect of the day. It is not impossible, too, that Wefers and Burke and Chase, whose records entitle them to first in their respective events, may run below their form. It very often happens that those athletes who show marvellous speed in the autumn, after a season's gruelling under an experienced club trainer, perform rather indifferently in the early summer, when they have had only the usual preparation given college teams. If such should be the case Saturday, and these three "cracks" fail of taking the points credited them, Harvard's score will be materially benefited.

HARVARD, IN FACT, HAS GREATER POSSIBILITIES of increasing her points than any of the competing teams. Aside from her sprinting strength, which may surpass what has hitherto been shown, she has an even chance of beating Yale out for second in the high hurdles, of winning first from Pennsylvania in the pole vault, and I certainly should not be surprised to see one of her quarter-milers defeat Burke, who thus far this season has not equalled his record. It is not at all impossible for Harvard to add ten points to the score given her in the table, and it is very unlikely that her sum total will be lower than the figures with which she is already credited.

Pennsylvania, on the other hand, has been given full measure. Her team is not apt to win more points in the athletic events than the table shows, and there are even chances of losing at least four of the points placed to its credit. The pole vault especially is very uncertain, and is given Pennsylvania because Buchholz is a more seasoned athlete than Hoyt. Last year these two fought it out. Hoyt's tenderness largely contributed to Buchholz's victory. This year Hoyt's public performances have been better than those of Buchholz. It is really a toss-up as to who wins the event on Saturday.

THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT, however, of Pennsylvania scoring first and second honors in the mile run and high jump. If Orton does not overexert himself in an effort to win the half-mile, he should take the mile handily, and Jarvis is too strong for any of the others. It is not likely Orton can beat either Hollister or Hinckley in the half-mile, and it seems hardly worth while to jeopard the one-mile for the sake of winning a single point in the half, especially as Pennsylvania cannot afford to take long chances. Windsor and Leslie have both done two inches better in the high jump than any of the other entries, and should secure 7 points in this event without much difficulty.

There promises to be a very close contest in the shot between Yale and Pennsylvania, with Sheldon on one side and Knipe and Woodruff on the other. Knipe has the best record of the three, and Woodruff seems to be the one who has shown most recent improvement; but Sheldon thus far has been the consistent performer, and for that reason the likeliest winner on Saturday. Consistency appears to be a characteristic of the Sheldon family, and as the brother (Captain L. P.) may always be counted on for a steady performance in the jumps, so this one (R.) seems at all times equal to 40 feet or better with the shot.

YALE'S CERTAIN FIRSTS may very appropriately begin with Captain Sheldon's broad jump, in which event his record is nearly a foot better than any of the other contestants. He may not equal his best performance, but if he does not win, it will be one of the biggest surprises of the meeting.

Probably the surest thing Yale has is the mile walk, that useless event which should be struck off the programme; and the one in which she has the greatest possibility of winning all the points is the hammer. No college has developed a walker to come within seconds of Thrall's best performance, and he has shown this season that he may be depended on to even better his record, if pushed. Fetterman has been improving, and is tipped as a dark horse, but he must walk a quarter minute faster than he has yet done to win from Yale. Good walkers are scarce—and athletics loses nothing thereby.

IT SEEMS TO BE TRADITIONAL for Yale to excel in the weights, and this year she is likely to surpass her record in the hammer. There are three men, any one of whom would have been a wonder a few years ago. Cross is sure to win first, and apt to create a new record. Recently, in practice, he threw the hammer 143 feet, and 130 to 135 feet seem always to be within his reach. Chadwick may be counted on to do in the neighborhood of 130 feet, which is seven beyond the best throw of any other college's entry; and Beck has been improving at such a rate in this game that he may do as well. It is therefore entirely possible that Yale may shut out all other competitors in this event.

IT WILL BE A PRETTY RACE for second place in the 120-yard hurdles between Perkins (Yale) and Monroe (Harvard), and both will crowd Chase for first honors. Perkins has been showing great improvement, and I rather expect him to do under 16 seconds, which is his present record. Monroe, too, is an improving man, and no event of the day will provide better sport than this one. There will be some good racing, too, between Harvard and Yale for third place in the mile run. Harvard has two very good men in Grant and Fenno, especially the first; and Buckingham (Yale) has possibilities that have not yet been revealed. Princeton has two men for the mile, King and Laing, who have made very good time; but Laing has been ill, and was easily defeated by Buckingham in the Yale-Princeton dual meet; King is yet to be seen in a hard race.

THE BEST INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCE in track events will in all likelihood be done by Hollister in the half-mile. If Kilpatrick (who is disqualified for the Inter-collegiate Championships) could have competed, the race between these two would have been the event of the year. Hollister is a very strong finisher, and, as his record attests, certainly one of the best half-milers we have ever seen. If Hinckley is strong enough to push him we shall have a new inter-collegiate record, and at all events there will be a most interesting race.

THERE ARE EIGHT MEN in the quarter-mile who have done from .50 to .51, and one who has a record of .49, so we shall probably see all the places more closely contested than at any previous meeting. As the Manhattan track gives a 220 straightaway run at the beginning of the quarter, a new inter-collegiate record is among the possibilities. Certainly Burke will have to be up to his best to first breast the tape. But, after all, probably the sprints will furnish the hottest racing. If Wefers is in form he will of course take both handily, for none of the others can approach his $.9\frac{4}{5}$ and $.21\frac{3}{5}$. That, however, will not lessen the struggle between Harvard, Yale, and Princeton for second and third places. There are five from these colleges who have done $.10\frac{1}{5}$ in the hundred; three have done $.22\frac{1}{5}$ and four $.22\frac{2}{5}$ in the 220 (the table errs in giving Derr .22; it should be $.22\frac{1}{5}$). The race between Chappel, Burnet, Roche, and Denholm in the 100 yds., and Fisher, Bigelow, Derr, and Redpath in the 220, will be worth seeing. Buchholz has also done $.10\frac{1}{5}$ for the 100 yds., and will add to the uncertainty of result if he runs. Georgetown has a promising sprinter in Walsh, who seems to have a future if properly trained.

THE SEPARATION OF THE ATHLETIC EVENTS of the championships meet from the bicycle events was needful and wise. This year the bicycle races will be at the Manhattan Beach track, May 27, and the track events on the 30th, on Manhattan Field. It has been wise also to have one day devoted to the preliminary heats. The most unattractive feature of the championships hitherto has been the length to which they were spun out. Only the finals will be decided on the 30th this year, and the afternoon will be doubly interesting because of it. If the Association would employ a band, the meeting would more nearly approach the best university games given in England.

The most worthy bit of legislation, however, to which this Association should address itself, is replacing the mile walk, which is valueless and uninteresting, by the 3-mile run, in which department of running we are nationally and lamentably weak.

THE HARVARD-PENNSYLVANIA DUAL GAMES resulted in a 65 to 47 victory for Harvard, and served to show the all-round strength of the winning team. Harvard won both sprints and hurdles, the quarter and half, securing altogether 7 firsts, 10 seconds, and 10 thirds. Pennsylvania won the mile run and walk, shot, hammer, pole vault, and high jump—in all 7 firsts, 4 seconds, and 4 thirds.

THE YALE-PRINCETON DUAL GAMES were too one-sided to be interesting, Yale winning by a score of 87 to 25. Princeton made a good showing in the sprints and quarter, but in the half mile, mile, walk, hurdles, and field events Yale had everything her own way. Altogether Yale won 12 firsts and 8 seconds in the programme of 14 events.

THE PRINCETON-COLUMBIA athletic games were really the most interesting of these dual competitions, because the result was always more or less open, and the two teams very fairly matched in all the events. The contest throughout, therefore, kept interest sustained. Princeton won the sprints, the walk, both weights and jumps, and the five-mile bicycle-race; Columbia secured both hurdles, the quarter, half, and one-mile (all the points in this event) runs and the pole vault. Altogether Princeton won $62\frac{1}{2}$ and Columbia $49\frac{1}{2}$ points. From Colfelt's form in these games he will hardly have a chance next Saturday to earn the one point credited him in the table. On the other hand, Derr showed Saturday he was fit to run for dear life. If he can put on next Saturday such a burst of speed as he did against Columbia, he will be sure of finishing second to Wefers in both sprints, always providing, of course, that Wefers is in top form.

Columbia seems not to have a possible point-winner in any event outside the bicycle-racing. Bijur, the hurdler, is the best individual performer, but his fastest in the 120 yards is $.16\frac{1}{5}$, which is too slow for the company he will be in Saturday next.

THE NEW JERSEY ATHLETIC CLUB'S annual Decoration-day games unfortunately fall on the same date as the Inter-collegiate Championships. Unfortunately, because the games of this club are always worth seeing, and this year particularly so, as Conneff and Kilpatrick and Mitchell, world-record holders in their respective events, are to attempt the creation of new figures.

IN THE SOUTH, AT NEW ORLEANS, the Southern Athletic Club held its annual spring games, with more than the usual success, since on this occasion, despite bad weather, the attendance was fair, and seven club records were broken. The club itself secured nine firsts, eleven seconds, and seven thirds. The record-breaking goes for little. What is more important is the growth of athletic interest in a section where so much physical activity was believed never to be possible. Moreover, some of the records are very good, considering; for instance, 100 yards, E. W. Alleyn, $10\frac{1}{5}$ sec.; pole vault, A. K. Foot, 10 ft. 4 in.; shot, E. M. Telle, 36 ft. 10 in.; standing broad jump, E. C. Hyatt, 10 ft. $6\frac{1}{4}$ in.

QUITE THE FEATURE of the college baseball week ending last Saturday was the steadying of Harvard's nine. The improvement in general play was marked, but in no individual more so than in Paine. Beginning with the Cornell game, in which he struck out 16 men, gave four bases on balls, and allowed 7 hits, he seemed to at once attain form quite beyond any he had previously shown, and which has been largely responsible for Harvard's recent good showing. His curves appear not to be especially puzzling to the on-looker, though Brown and Pennsylvania evidently found them so, but he has a deceptive drop ball, which he effectively alternates with a straight shoot, and he has speed, and strength to maintain it. Yet another illustration of his improvement is in fielding his position. In the Princeton game several opportunities offered which he made even no attempt to seize; but against Pennsylvania he put the runner out at first four times, twice stopping rather hot liners. In short, Paine has suddenly jumped from mediocrity to play that, if continued, will put him in the first rank of the season's pitchers.

The changes in the Harvard nine have greatly benefited the team's play. Pote at short, although not entirely satisfactory, is a big improvement on Vincent, and Haughton, who has been playing at first base, seems good wherever he is put. He is a very promising man. With the addition of Rand the out-field is doing better; both he and Burgess are hard workers, and Clarkson is doing well. A lack of judgment on flies is still apparent. Dean manages to make a costly error in every game, and Stevenson at third is either too careless or too confident in fielding grounders.

The general play in the Brown game was the best Harvard has shown. Paine struck out nine, against two by Summersgill, and the team made but two errors, winning, 6–1. In the Pennsylvania games Paine again struck out nine, against two by O'Donnell, but the fielding was not so good, three errors aiding Pennsylvania's scoring. Harvard won, 8–3.

PENNSYLVANIA'S GENERAL PLAY is snappy, and bespeaks the possibilities of good ball; but she is weak in the box, and the short-stop prone to errors, and the left and centre out-fielders to misjudge flies. Harvard earned four of her runs, and Pennsylvania's seven errors contributed the other four. Holloway, Blakeley, and Johnson were the only ones to find the ball Saturday, and of the six hits Holloway made three, and two of Pennsylvania's three runs.

PRINCETON'S NINE HAS FURNISHED additional evidence of its unreliability. It seems impossible for it to play consistent ball, and no excuse can be offered, for it is unquestionably naturally the strongest nine in collegiate baseball, and has more veteran players than any of the other university teams. It started the week by being defeated by Virginia, 6–10, in a listless game of which any 'Varsity nine should be ashamed, and ended it by losing to Yale at New Haven, 5–7, after making five costly errors. It is a long time since Princeton won a game at New Haven.

Yale's play was a tremendous improvement on what they did at Princeton, as may be imagined. The addition of Murphy behind the bat appears to have steadied the nine, but the in-field is far from satisfactory, Quinby being slight improvement at short on Desaulles, who has gone to second. Smith was acceptable at third, and the outfield leaves nothing to be desired. Greenway struck out six and Trudeau three, while Easton struck out seven. In fact, Greenway and Murphy, together with Princeton's errors, may be said to have won the game for Yale.

Princeton will play two important games this week—Cornell, Wednesday, and Harvard, Saturday. Cornell has beaten Wisconsin, 8–7, and been defeated by Chicago, 2–3, and is a stronger nine for its experience than when it beat Princeton at Ithaca. If Princeton could be depended on, one would expect a small victory here; but it cannot be depended on, and so any result will not be surprising. Harvard ought to win on home grounds. The hardest-fought games on Saturday will be the Yale-Brown and Cornell-Pennsylvania, both Yale and Cornell striving to redeem themselves, with good chances of success.

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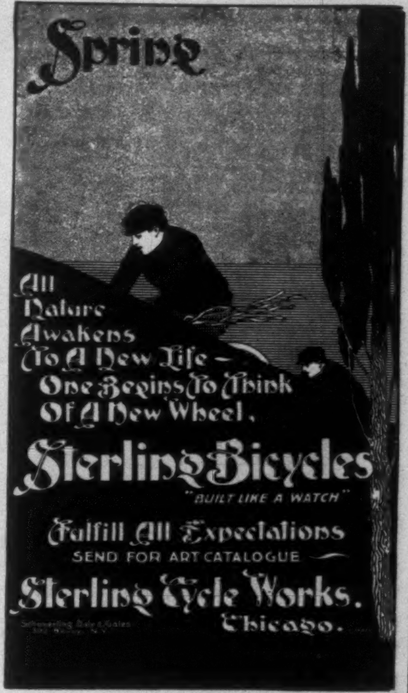

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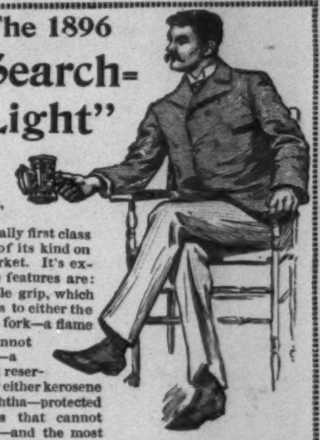

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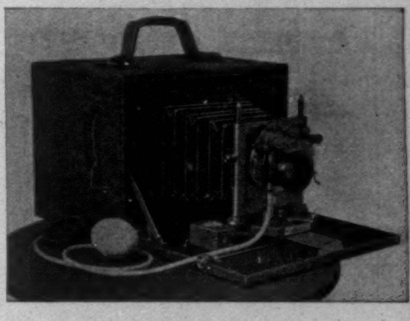

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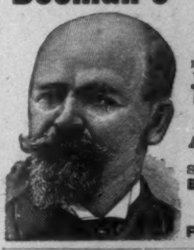

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